

INTER NOS

January 13, 1927.

MOUNT SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE

Vol. I. No. 1.

YEARS EVENTS SUMMED UP

On the twentieth day of September, 1926, the College reopened. It was very good to see so many of the charter members back, and also the great number of new students.

The College now numbers forty members.

One of the first events of the school season was the initiation of the Freshmen by the Sophs. However, on the whole, the Frosh conducted themselves in a sportsmanlike manner and Mount St. Mary's is justly proud of her new members.

On the afternoon of Nov. 20, the students of M.S.M. entertained with a card party. The affair was a great success and about \$65 was made for the Scholarship fund.

Preceding the feast of the Immaculate Conception of our Lady, Dec 8, 1926, the students of Mount St. Mary's participated in a Tridium which was conducted by Father Dolan. Father gave an impressive talk on the Blessed Virgin each morning and another in the afternoon, followed by the Rosary and Benediction.

M.S.M. regrets the withdrawal of Miss Rosella Plunkett of the class of '29. a

PROGRAMME FOR MOTHER MARGARET'S FEAST DAY

An informal entertainment was given on Dec. 12, 1926, by the College in honor of Mother Margaret's Feast Day.

This was the first attempt at anything of this sort and much hitherto unknown ability was brought to light.

Those taking part in the programme were Mary Haven, Jileau Goulet, Catheryn Haller, Mary Ann Calloway, Lillian May, Nora Hoffman, Gertrude Gibney, Dorothy Heitz, Catherine Coen, Dorothy Lieb and Alice Foley.

M.S.M. GIVES XMAS STOCKINGS

Sunday, Dec. 26 1926 was a happy day to the children of Presentation Parish, made so by the abundance of Christmas stockings showered on them by Santa. This did on the request of Mount St. Mary's College.

Under the direction of Miss Gaines, the Aladdin Club of the High School presented two acts of its faculty this year. Father Benson's "Mystery Play".

After the performance, the men of the Parish distributed the stockings to the delighted children.

ELECT VICE PRESIDENT

David Keppler is the new elected vice president of the Student Body of M.S.M. This office was recently vacated by the withdrawal of Rosella Plunkett.

TO THE STUDENT BODY OF MOUNT SAINT MARY'S

We are now attempting a project which we believe will promote a sense of loyalty, cooperation, and sportsmanship, the three most essential qualities of true college spirit. "Inter Nos" has stepped forward with the main intent and purpose of supplying this need. But in offering assistance to the stimulating of these qualities must demand in return from the entire Student Body the qualities themselves--Loyalty, Cooperation, and Sportsmanship.

We hope that you will

show your willingness to encourage school spirit by your support of "Inter Nos" which hopes to be, in a benefit to you in many ways.

The Editor

SEVERAL NEW FACULTY MEMBERS FOR M.S.M.

M.S.M. is very fortunate in having added to its faculty this year Miss Lillian Fitch of Chicago. Miss Fitch is

well known in the dramatic world as an excellent teacher of public speaking and the art of drama.

Father Rosetti and Miss Mildred Dudley are also new members of the M.S.M. faculty.

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Mary Haven

Delores Easton

Florence Moyer

Dorothy Lieb

Katherine Brubaker

Catherine Lewis.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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INTER NOS

AQ 1



February 25, 1929

MOUNT SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE

Vol. III No 2

DR. MCKINLAY'S TALK

On Thursday, Feb. 14, the Student Body of the College and the Academy were delightfully entertained by Dr. McKinlay of U.C.L.A. His topic was Cicero, and he presented him as a very human, good-natured and amazingly modern man.

The students gained a new light in which to view the ancients who, Dr. McKinlay tells us "were not so slow". Perhaps the most interesting of his remarks about modern antiquity were those concerning "racketeering on the Palatine" and "filibustering in the Senate". *****

THE COLLEGE PLAY

The Ad campaign will close March 12th. Class competition has been very keen, and the results seem promising. But this is not the end of the work. The ticket contest is just starting. It will never do to have a program full of ads and a well-produced play if there is no audience to see them. Therefore let's get busy and sell tickets!

A P R I L 8

LENT

The forty days' fast of Lent is a custom dating from the earliest Christian times. Originally it was a fast of forty-hours in honor of the time between Our Lord's death and Resurrection. Then it increased to thirty-six days in 420 A. D. This gradually was changed to the present number in honor of Christ's fast before His public ministry.

Public penitents were especially cared for in this holy season. In the beginning, only those sinners undergoing public penance received ashes. They presented themselves in the church before Mass on Ash Wednesday and made public acknowledgement of their sins. The Ashes were then placed on their heads and they were clothed in sackcloth.

Many devout Christians, thru humility, joined the penitents while receiving the ashes. Thus when the Church abolished public penance, the distribution of the ashes was retained as a fitting opening for her greatest penitential season.

When we are reminded that we are but dust, we realize anew the ser-

ACADEMY BRIDGE-TEA

Mount St. Mary's wishes to extend thanks to the Senior class of St. Mary's Academy for the benefit Bridge-tea which the graduating class gave on Feb. 2. It was socially a success as many of the College girls who attended can tell, and financially a success as well. The proceeds, over three hundred dollars, are for the College building fund.

Mount St. Mary's hopes that the bond of friendship between the two organizations of which the tea was an example, will not only remain firm but increase as time goes on.

A P R I L 8

the serious business of our salvation, the one aim of a faithful Christians' life. The task may be hard at times, but we can be strengthened by the examples of the saints and especially by that of Jesus Christ, their leader. *****

Mount St. Mary's is glad to welcome three new members to her Freshman class--Misses Dillhoff, McInerny, and Orolla.

EDITORIAL

STAFF

Editor in Chief Helen Ramsey
 Assistant Editor Eugenia Zink
 Staff Artist Mary Elizabeth Lamb
 News Editor Helen Shubert
 Business Manager Barbara Letts
 Asst. Business Mgr. Rose A. Heberger
 Reporters: Tillie Pelligrin, Ti-
 leen Mason, Louise An-
 selmo, Mary V. Bryan,
 Helen Maulhardt, Fran-
 cis Taylor, Bliss Gar-
 diman.

The Staff of INTER NOS apologizes for its inactivity of the semester just passed and pledges itself to a greater effort this term.

This lack of activity, however, is not confined to the Staff alone, for the officers of any organization can do very little without the loyal support of the Student Body as a whole. No matter how feeble our effort may seem, show your interest, help us with your suggestions, and help shoulder the responsibility of your college paper. Soon it will begin to reward you for your effort. As Alfred E. Smith said, "You have to pay for improvement."

A P R I L 8!

Loyalty is one thing which Mount Saint Mary's expects of her girls--loyalty and cooperation. With the preparations for the play comes a most excellent chance to show that loyalty and cooperation. Punctuality at rehearsals, determined and continued ticket selling, as well as soliciting for ads will put this year's play "over the top". Indeed, with increased enrollment, we wish to exceed all previous efforts, and It All Depends On You.

A P R I L 8!

The Lenten season offers us all a special invitation to contribute to the Foreign Missions. Let us respond to this urgent invitation by filling the mite boxes which have been distributed to each of the classes.

PET THOUGHTS FROM EVERYWHERE

On

On Reading:

Some kinds of reading require mentality; others a lack of it.

On Bravery:

It is not brave simply not to be afraid; it is brave to do what you are afraid to do.

On Tact:

Tact is like humility: When it becomes obvious it is no longer tact.

On Flattery:

Flattery is not successful flattery; rather than have your friend call you beautiful or bright while you know it isn't meant, wouldn't you be called "dumb" and know she doesn't mean it?

On Homer:

It's all in your point of view. One may say of Homer--dry with the dust of ages; yet one may also say--fresh from the morning of the world.

On Pettri:

A poet famous wrote this cry,
 And made it rhyme with high.

Oh miseri, oh miseri,
 Oh woe is me, loh miseri
 They call it poetri

"THE CAT WHO Walked by
 Himself"

SCHOOL SPIRIT

Pompoms waving in the air.
 Excited faces everywhere--
 School Spirit
 That girl in the class room there
 Performing her duties with
 diligent care--School Spirit
 Wafted thoughts in vocal prayer
 Peeking the office of Mary
 so fair--School Spirit.

A P R I L 8!

ART

Two new classes--clay modeling and weaving have been added to the art department this semester. The weaving class, although not yet completely organized, owing to the unfinished looms, is expected to accomplish some interesting pieces of work.

Both classes will be held in the newly finished studio. Its completion has been awaited anxiously by the art students, and it makes an ideal spot for work of this sort.

A P R I L 8!

DRAMATICS

During the past month the Student Body witnessed three clever plays presented by the Dramatic Club under the direction of Miss Fitch. The first of these, "Overtones" consisted of an unique representation of the inconsistency often existing between one's speech and mind. The second, "Aria da Capo", depicted the absurdity of boundary quarrels in a setting of the late war. The third was truly a "spooky" play in every sense. Complete darkness, mysterious raps, and shrieks and cries contributed to the creation of a mystic illusion in the "Dwellers in the Darkness".

The proceeds were used to augment the costume fund for the annual college play.

A P R I L 8!

MUSIC

With the latter months of the school year nearing, musical events take a prominent place among our activities. One recital has already been given on Feb. 8. However, Mount St. Mary's interest in things musical is not seasonal. It lasts all year long. There were representatives at each of the operas presented at the Philharmonic and at the recitals of Louis Gravenre, Geroldine Ferrar, Fritz Kreisler, and Lawrence Tibbet.

It is expected that there will be quite an attendance at the operas to be presented by the Chicago Opera company this March.

A P R I L 8!

Tadpole: Why does Santa Claus wear red pants?
Abie: I don't know. Why?
Tadpole: To match his coat.

SOCIAL EVENTS.

One of the interesting social events of the College was a Bunko party given by Helen Maulhardt on Jan. 18. The girls enjoyed a delightful evening of Bunko, and after refreshments, His poor, it may be an impromptu entertainment was given by Eileen Nason and Agnes Diener.

All the world's a stage, but some of the actors are enough to make any man tired of the show.

A P R I L 8!

ATHLETICS

Foremost among the activities of the Athletic Association so far was the inter-class Basketball game which was played on Jan. 22. It was a hard fought battle waged between a team composed of upper-classmen and the Freshman team. The first half of the game seemed to indicate that the Freshmen were hopelessly out of the race; but the last quarter, filled with excitement, ended with a score of 23-22 in favor of the Freshmen.

The Varsity Basketball Team is to be picked very shortly. Several interscholastic games are being planned.

A P R I L 8!

SOCIAL SERVICE

St. Joseph's Guild has during the past year progressed rapidly. However, it feels one handicap in the fact that all the girls do not take an interest in its work or attend its school meetings or social gatherings.

Since the Guild does God's work among His poor, it may be clearly seen that is not limited to any group of individuals, but desires the membership of each student at S. S. M.

A P R I L 8!

EMERSON'S HUMOR
ZONE

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INTER-NOV

October 3, 1929

MOUNT SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE

Vol. IV No 1

ASSERTIONS OF THE
CLASS OF '33--

WELCOME!



THE MONTH OF THE HOLY
ROSARY

May we remind you at the outset that our not aversion is the type of person who exclaims in transports of utmost joy, "If there's anything greener than a College Freshman, it's two of them."

Our very "newness" makes us the most interesting class at M.S. M.C. That's an assertion, but the proof is in observation.

In number, we are just twenty-nine strong and we don't mind admitting we do like each other a lot. Of course, two weeks isn't such a frightfully long time in which to become acquainted, but then the Freshmen ARE exceptional. No, that isn't conceit; it's just pardonable pride.

It is true that like the great Graf Zeppelin we are often, "up in the air," but like her too, our intention is to maintain a steady course until, as Seniors, we finally moor to the mast of graduation.

by Mary McDevitt

At the opening of each New Scholastic Year Saint Mary's College opens wide the doors of welcome to its "old girls" and especially to its new students, who hailing from the four corners of our country find themselves strangers in name only; for Students and Faculty extend to them the hearty greeting of friends.

May these our dear "new girls" make their place at once in our midst so that, from the time of their registration until they receive their "sheepskin" Mount Saint Mary's may be indeed Alma Mater, and they her well-beloved children, building up her traditions, establishing more firmly her foundations and carefully guarding her sacred honor.

Sister Dolorosa

An investigation into the origin of the Freshman Class revealed that six of their members came back from the Academy; one from St. Agnes; one from Polytechnic; two from Washington; with others from Oklahoma, Texas, Chicago, Mexico City, Coronado, Hemet, San Diego and Los Angeles.

According to traditions, St. Dominic earnestly prayed for the help of Our Lady during an uprising of the Albigensians in Toulouse. He was instructed by her to preach the recitation of the Rosary as an antidote to sin and evil, and the remarkable defeat of the Albigensians in 1213 marks the beginning of the many marvelous favors which this devotion has procured.

The feast of the Most Holy Rosary was instituted immediately following the Christian defeat of the Moslems at Lepanto, Oct. 7 1571, where Our Lady again showed her powerful influence in aiding those who had faith in this devotion.

Essentially an oral prayer, the Rosary at the same time contains a beautiful meditation on the fifteen principal mysteries of the life of Christ and his Mother.

No prayer can be more efficacious to offer to God than the Our Father, given to us by Our Savior while on earth, and the Hail Mary, the salutation to the Blessed Virgin of which the Holy Ghost is the Author.

Mary Elizabeth Lamb

EDITORIAL
STAFF

Editor	Helen Shubert
Ass. Editor	Frances Taylor
Art Editor	Mary E. Lamb
Social Service	Paula Sullivan
Drama & Music	Helen Shinder
Sports	Jean McCarter
Bus. Mgr.	Barbara Lotts
News Editor	J. Egan

St. Joseph's Guild

The complications and social problems of a large city have necessitated the organization of charity. The result is the institution of Social Service. Does "Social Service" seem less personal than "charity" or does it seem to have lost its spiritual bearing? It need not, for Our Lord said, "What you do unto the least of mine, you have done it unto me." And it is just as possible and far more efficient of result to supernaturalize the gift of our time and means to God's needy ones through the agency of a welfare association as to do it "on our own hook." Does organized social service seem unneeded of our efforts? It should not and it must not. In point of fact it has made it possible for thousands of people to contribute to the work of settlement, charity infant and child welfare. It has made it possible for us of M.S.M.C. to do our share of the corporal works of mercy as members of the college's social service guild. The Guild has brought charity to our door-step. It was considered important enough to be dedicated to St. Joseph, the Poor Carpenter, and foster father of Our Lord, and it is our hope that its membership this year will be as big as the Student Body. Watch for the notice of its meeting! Its work is light and pleasant; and how many of us dare turn aside from the most obvious of God's graces?

GLEANINGS

We gloaned her but we ought to have left her in the field. The girl who always complains because we have no athletics here, and yet declines to go out for basket-ball practice.

Gloaned from somewhere:

The optimist sees the doughnut; the pessimist sees the hole.

We see that Hoover has just chosen Claudius H. Huston, a southerner, as chairman of the Republican National Committee. We also understand that he is an Indianian by birth and political training. Meaning what?

Edmund Lowe just finished a course in Ethics from Father Ricard at Santa Clara.

Inglewood, the erstwhile Klan center, struggling to handle the mail of Loyola College.

We had a hearty laugh the day school opened. One of the Sophomores was trying to find out when Christmas Vacation will begin.

We just read an interesting article in the Pictorial Review about Bryn Mawr. They require latin there, too, so be consoled, ye souls in the Lower Division.

SOPHOMORE ELECTIONS

Woman suffrage expressed itself in a very heated style last Friday at the Sophomore-class election. After a clamorous nomination, Cecelia Furlong and Evelyn Orella tied in the voting. A second vote was taken. Tied again. The candidates left the room and a standing veto was taken. It was still tied! They finally resorted to the straw method, and Evelyn picked the long straw. Cecelia is vice president.

SQUINTS AT SPORTDOM

Why did enthusiasm run wild at Mount Saint Mary's on Monday, the twenty-third? Why were Collogo sportswomen so filled with animation? BECAUSE:

It was then the coach, Miss Riley revealed the program of sport activities.

FENCING, SWIMMING, SKATING, DANCING, TENNIS, GOLF, ARCHERY, AND HORSEBACK-RIDING have all claimed a place on the Collogo schedule. Everyone is now offered an opportunity to engage in the sport of her choice.

This is the first year that so many and such extensive fields have been open to all wishing to participate.

Skating is a comparatively new sport in California, and its introduction into the school program places Mount Saint Mary's Collogo foremost among Western colleges, it being the first Collogo in the West to organize hockey teams.

Fencing will practicably be a favorite. Here might even develop a pair of 20th Century D'Artagnans right here on Slauson Ave.

Miss Riley is very confident over the coming possibilities. She confides that the material is of the best and keen competition may be expected in all sports. Clubs are now being organized in all activities.

All we need now is more interest in THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

by Joan McCarter

OPERA

The presentation of Aida given on October first under the auspices of the L.A. Opera Company has been acclaimed by the critics as the best performance of the Verdi Opera ever witnessed in the city. Whether or not this is true, it certainly provided a glorious and thrilling evening for twenty or more girls of Mount St. Mary's Collogo who attended the Opera under the chaperonage of Miss Fitch, Miss Kuckor, and Madame Parkinson

TO FRIENDS

There is nothing so sweet
In life's busy street
As a friend's hello and cheer

There is nothing so grand
As some kindly hand
Helping when your goal is near

It's this last long hour,
After years of work
That wears on our soul as we climb

It's that happy smile
That you gave me for awhile
So thank you, thank you dear friend.

by Josephine Egan

BUSY SENIOR: "You know, I seem to have lost my mind; but to tell the truth I hardly miss it."

Sr. Gertrude: Is there any connecting link between the animal and the vegetable kingdom?

Bright Pupil: "Yes Sister, there is hash."

RANDOM IMPRESSIONS OF A FROSHIE

Why must they all pick on Froshie? Good gracious! Froshie has enough troubles of her own without being harassed by the unfeeling upperclassmen. Why not reserve the cruelty until the Sophomore year when she has at least the advantage of a coat of wisdom.

Well, anyway, since this never will be, let's pursue another consideration. You know how a fish swims about in an aquarium?--rather aimless--all the time in the world. The first day at school gave one the same impression (but only the first day). The one and only topic of conversation ran along those absorbing lines:

"Doesn't she remind you of Abigail Pingface?"

"Oh no! She looks more like Dora Delaney, I think."

"Why that girl is the image of Nancy you remember Nancy, don't you. She went here-----" And so on and so on from group to group.

Finally we were directed to a certain room for enrollment, and on the board we found a list of requirements which moved us to wish we had followed Uncle Sam's advice "to join the marines and see the world." When we had adjusted ourselves to the shock of the curriculum, a heartless cortege of Sophomores sauntered in to renew our qualms. Such encouragement! After an impromptu talk in which they emphasized the Simon Legree characteristics of the faculty and the hopelessness of college research (whatever it may be), we all felt like an accident hovering about for a chance to happen. But then if they lived through it all, I guess we can too.

A Froshie

SODALITY ORGANIZATION

The Sodality fosters and increases devotion to our Blessed Mother and her dearly beloved Son, the Divine Savior.

It is so organized as to give it the greatest possibilities for activity, to divide the work and to allow the directress to retain her place as guide and manager while sharing her actual work with her Sodalists. The plan of organization places the students' spiritual life under the direction of a Students' Spiritual Council or central committee. This council does not tend to destroy the other organizations, but strengthen them by concentrating all the spiritual activities in the hands of one strong central body.

The bulletin board, the official voice of the Sodality is arranged for the use of the students. All Sodality announcements and notices will be posted on it. Make a habit of reading it every day.

The Sodality of Mount Saint Mary's is growing rapidly and we ask God, with our cooperation to continue to bestow on it that blessing which only His Heart can bestow.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Eugenia Zink is studying sculpture at Otis Art Institute.

Mary Agnes Scannell is studying History at U.S.C.

Olivia Zink is going to U.S.C. completing her work in Latin and Education for her teacher's certificate.

Virginia Thompson is at present at least a lady of leisure.

Dorothy Leib and Davida Keppler are also at Usc.

A. Deiner.

INTER-NOS

COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES
LIBRARY
A91

November, 1929

LOYALTY

Vol. IV., No. 2

Construction Begun On New Building

The affair that we are all most interested in is at last materializing. Until last week all that we have heard of the progress on the new College site has been confined to planning, leveling and making of roads. But now the first building has been really started. On Monday, November 4, the foundation of this wonderful new institution of ours was commenced. On the evening of the same day the advisory board, faculty members and two state supervisors enjoyed a banquet at the house, and were shown the architect's drawings of the beautiful group of buildings.

The next morning the girls were also shown the plans, and enthusiasm ran so high that we couldn't concentrate upon our gerundives and tetrachords for thinking of Spanish campaniles, arcades, grills and arches.

All along, the faculty has shown a deep enthusiasm in the project; and we, the student body, must show an equal interest. The raffle that is now on for the Mary Chapel gives us our chance. Let's put it over the top. Let's give Our Lady a hundred-dollar Christmas present for her Chapel!

Don't forget to bring your money for the stickers. We want them for Christmas, too. They are in purple and gold and are two for fifteen cents.

THE HOLY SOULS

Saint Bridget once had a vision in which she saw the souls being cleansed from their sins as iron is purified in a fiery furnace. She heard them beseeching God to inspire the faithful to offer up prayers, Masses, indulgences and alms in their behalf so that they might sooner enjoy the Beatific Vision. The symbol of their approaching release, a soft but brilliant light, broke through the prison and was greeted with greatest joy.

This release is accomplished by the constant communication or communion of the saints through the three bodies of the Church, the Church Militant, the Church Triumphant and the Church Suffering, or Purgatory. The three mutually assist one another by prayers and sacrifices.

The greatest act of charity anyone on earth can perform for the faithful departed is the "Heroic Act." It consists of a voluntary offering to God, for the souls in Purgatory, of all one's satisfactory works in life and of all the indulgences that may be applied to one after death. The promise does not bind under pain of sin and may be revoked, if at any time the person making it feels the necessity of so doing. The Church grants special indulgences to those who make the Heroic Act.

Mary Elizabeth Lamb.

STAFF

Editor	Helen Shubert
Asst. Editor	Frances Taylor
News Editor	Mary McCarthey
Music and Art	Helen Shindel
Sports	Jean McCarter
Reporters	Mary E. Lamb
	Theresa McCan
	Eliz. Linkike

ON BROWSING

It might prove interesting to consider that some of the world's great men, from a cultural standpoint never went through the educational experience of college. Whatever they had of cultural knowledge they acquired by their own effort and their own desire. Now in the average college course things are somewhat cut and dried; our work is arranged and planned for us. The impetus comes from without. And there is not a great necessity (and sometimes not room) for a desire on the student's own account to read more widely or more deeply. Yet the habit of **browsing**, of going into the Library for the pleasure—not the duty—of handling good books and of sitting down and reading to the finish some topic that has caught the eye—this is a habit that the collegienne will do well to cultivate. It is during the unhurried hours of relaxation in the Library that we begin to feel the harmony and the richness of the age's intellectual accomplishment.

If college does not stimulate that desire to browse, to read thoughtful matter for pleasure, then it is failing to accomplish one of its purposes; it is failing to secure its place in our later lives, for in so far as

college impels us "to know for knowledge's sake," in so far does it diffuse a spirit of lively culture into the community.

How many of us have disregarded this phase of college education? Among the more serious periodicals of the magazine rack of the biography shelves is an excellent place to commence. See if the Library doesn't mean more than a class preparation room.

GLEANINGS

Among other things the gleaner gleaned the following:

That Frances Taylor's prize cocoon nearly ruined the biological exhibition by hatching into a swarm of very plebian gnats.

That the social precedence question at Washington is developing the proportions of a farm relief fight. If it continues, they will be calling our national capital the American Versailles.

That Virginia Gearhin is wearing a diamond on a certain well-known finger.

That if all the different numbers the hands of the clocks at St. Mary's pointed to at any given time of day were added together, the total could not even be read by Einstein.

That the first university to be established on the American continent was not Harvard 1640, the cradle of Puritan culture, but a Catholic college for Indians, 1537, at Vera Cruz.

It was suggested by someone who daily recites therein, that a monument to lost causes be erected in Room III, the History room.

GOBBLERS START FOR COLLEGE GIRLS

Sister Ignatia was indignant last Tuesday morning. And who wouldn't be, with a class full of sleepy youngsters who hadn't had the initiative to observe how a turkey's head looks—and so near Thanksgiving time, too! The children evidently thought that the head of the all-important fowl was the least part of his anatomy to notice, because folks don't eat the head anyway.

It all happened in Normal Art class, and the youngsters turned out to be College girls. After looking at some of our drawings of turkeys with buffalo heads, mustaches, drooping eye-lashes, etc., Sister Ignatia decided that an object lesson would be rather apropos. The research work was done in the community's turkey pen. We came, we saw, we conquered (the true concept of a turkey).

Back again in the Studio we resumed our task of turkey drawing. Our efforts were evidently more fruitful, for Sister could at least distinguish them from the Halloween witches of a previous lesson. Oh, yes, we are rapidly acquiring the artist's skill in that class.

Helen McCarter.

Freshman (during initiation week): "Sister, who killed Charley's aunt?"

Sister Agnes: "Suppose you look it up in the Cambridge History."

Sadie (whose first tooth had come out): "Mummy, mummy, quick! I'm coming to pieces!"

THE POET'S CORNER

I have a little nephew and his age is
only two,

But you should see the million
things that little chap can do.

He wakes me every morn before the
birds begin to sing,

And what he doesn't do to me can
not be worth a thing.

It's pulling off the covers in the none
too torrid air,

Then it's showing me the strangle of
a great big grizzly bear.

I try to break this habit of terrible
abuse,

He only grips the harder, and I find
it is no use.

—Jean McCarter.

KEEP YOUR FACE TO THE SUNSHINE

What though the day be dreary!

What though the road be long!

Though heavy your load, and rough
the road,

Just brighten your way with a song.

Live not within the shadows,

Forget all your sorrow and pain,

The storm of today will soon pass
away

And the sun will shine again.

Keep your face to the sunshine

And behind you the shadows will
fall.

Ne'er sigh, nor cry, nor wonder why,
Just smile for a while, that's all.

So keep your face to the sunshine

And behind you the shadows will
fall.

MUSIC and DRAMA

An artist and lecturer, whose talent is well known in the music world came last Saturday afternoon to the Music Hall to present a most interesting program for the music majors. Dr. Arthur Friedheim varied his recital with selection from the old masters and from the present day composers, at the same time briefly sketching their lives and works.

Helen Shindel.

DRAMATIC PREDICTIONS!

A famous literateur is quoted as saying that "coming events cast their shadows before." At the present time long shadows are being cast from the direction of the dramatics classes, and if the poet's veracity may be trusted, the very near future holds a delightful afternoon of entertainment for the fortunate members of the College and High School who shall find themselves free to attend. Scenes from Paris and Kentucky will prove amusing, at the same time providing an adequate medium for the display of the dramatic ability of the students, and the able direction of Miss Fitch.

There has been a rumor going about—and it has been gathering weight, too—that a certain houseboat that used to lie on the river Styx recently broke loose from its moorings and with a cabin full of illustrious men and women from the pages of history and drama is floating about the ocean in search of a place to anchor. If it should some day appear at Mount Saint Mary's we need not be surprised. The learned like to mingle with the learned.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Tau Alpha Zeta is pleased to announce the pledging of Miss Veronica McNeese, Miss Clare Deegan and Miss Mary McNeill. The pledging was held at a beautifully appointed dinner at the Pollyanna Tea Room on October 15th. The color motif was carried out in green and gold, the colors of Tau Alpha Zeta.

The College boarders have great respect for the resident pupils of the Academy as hostesses and entertainers. The lovely Hallowe'en Masquerade that they gave them is still remembered with pleasure.

SQUINTS AT SPORTDOM

Splatter! Splatter! SPLASH!

Mount Saint Mary's plunge has proven a popular refuge for all who boast of aquatic instincts.

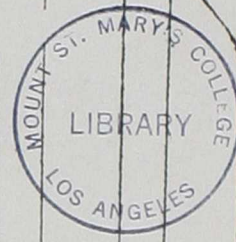
Be it hot or be it cold—with utter disregard for old man weather—fair mermaids take their daily frolic. Nor is it all in play. A spirit of genuine earnestness prevails, as is evidenced from the fact that there is much competition among the swimmers.

Indeed, it is rumored that a swimming match is being planned. Your correspondent has obtained from reliable authority, confirmation of the report.

If interest doesn't subside in the game of tennis, the faculty will probably find that the roof has been marked off as a court and that midnight practice is being indulged in. If such an expedient has to be resorted to, Madame Parkinson will probably be the first victim of disturbed peace.

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INTERMEDIOS



Vol. IV, No. 5

Mt. St. Mary's College

May 1930

THE EASTER SEASON

Rejoicing world praise your Lord,
 Praise Charity Unbounding
 With every pulse and stop.
 The Father kindles nature to a flame of glory
 To honor Christ the Risen One.
 O Soul,
 For whom this miracle was wrought,
 Praise Him with unceasing canticle;
 He hath filled the World with joy.
 He is Risen. He is not here.
 H.V.S.

DEBATING

A few of the members of the public speaking classes, who are interested in debating, are busy planning a public debate to be given before the Student Body in the near future.

CARD PARTY AND GARDEN FETE TO BE GIVEN BY ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.

The Student Body Officers of Saint Mary's Academy are sponsoring a Card Party and Garden Fete to be given on the afternoon of May 10 on the Academy Grounds. It is a well known fact that this, the first social event of the spring season, will be carried out in the usual pleasing St. Mary's manner.

The whole-hearted support of the College is urged. So let none of us refuse, when accosted with tickets to sell, but let's prove to ourselves and to the Academy that we can cooperate as well as any.

THE GIFT

The day was a scorching hot one in mid summer. From the little carpenter shop came the sounds of sawing and hammering. Everyone else in Nazareth was resting in some cool arbor or under the branches of some shady tree. But there was no rest in this little cottage. At the table stood a tall, bronzed man, working and humming happily. In a corner sat a Child about six years old. His white tunic was soiled from contact with rude, clumsy tools and green paint. The bright sunlight streaming through the open door seemed to center itself in a halo around His intently bent head. Not a word did He utter! Jesus was very business-like and methodical about His task.

He must finish this for His Mother's birthday tomorrow. Had He had enough money He would have bought her something in the village, perhaps a little vial of oriental perfume. But on second thought, He couldn't imagine His mother, who cared nothing at all for worldly vanities, ever using such a thing. She was not like the other women in the village. She would like His simple, hand-made gift far better.

There! At last it was finished! The shining green flower box was ready! Eagerly He scooped up handfuls of soft, damp earth. Then He had packed it down firmly, He planted the tiny flowers. How carefully He had watched these flowers since the early spring-time. They had been in a shady corner behind the house where no one else had seen them. Now they were peeping up above the ground. Tiny red, rose-buds on little short bushes! How lovely they were, and how pleased His mother would be!

Pleased who was, when she saw them the next morning! Her delight compensated for the warm days of steady toil with the clumsy tools. It was worth any price to witness her delight at her birthday gift.

Staff

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 Asst. Editor -----F. Taylor
 News Editor-----A. Diener. M. McCarthy
 Music & Drama ----H. Shindel
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 V. McNeese
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Bills for the creation of a federal board of education have been pending in Congress for a number of years and periodically the agitation develops considerable public interest. One of the chief arguments advanced in its favor is that the appalling illiteracy in the U.S. could thus be more effectually and quickly reduced.

However, the federalization of education involves some fundamental problems. In this country it means a further reduction of states rights by the national government, and thus to an extent to individual rights, for it is always easier to obtain redress in cases where the state oversteps its limit than where the federal government does.

Compare the Oregon school law with the 18th Amendment. That the federalization of education gives opening for much such "overstepping" at Washington is obvious. Politicians have long been attempting to use the schools for party propaganda, and the party that is entrenched in our capital present, if the past gives key to the future, is not at all averse to such a policy (Big Bill Thompson for instance).

Without doubt a Federal Department would benefit education in certain ways, but the closer connection with politics that it involves the danger of spreading such experiment, as for instance in curricula and method that we have in California to the whole Union, do and that the project be given careful consideration.

Catholics especially ought to study this piece of pending legislation for they have experienced at heavy cost the results in European countries where education has been centralized and utilized to spread party propaganda and erroneous political theory.

GLEANINGS.

The Gleaner has been relieved of a great burden of worry now that the London Armaments conference has signed their pact without recourse to war.

The choicest of fair girls.

Gleanings--the discovery that M.S.A.C's boarders, instead of being overworked and in need of sleep, spend most of their free time in restful and carefree recuperation in the dormitories.

We think last week's mock aerial war rather a singular way of celebrating the recent disarmament pact--and old American custom, mayhap.

In the words of Ripley, "believe it or not" Helen Shubert ditched school the other day and Frances Taylor preferred the pleasure of pickling pollywogs to Latin Composition class!

The Gleaner doesn't wish to force the issue exactly but having a deep personal interest at stake she'd like to know when the Sophomores are going to treat the winning band in the add contest. When? Miss Orella, when?

This column wouldn't be complete without some variety of crack so here it is. The tremendous work done by the St. Joseph's Guild this year can not help to impress one with its active and progressive spirit (In case you don't know it, St. Joseph's Guild is (was?) the Social Service club)

QUICK, THE GAS MASKS!!

The Bible records that the Jewish people made but one Exodus--the boarders have broken that record many times. Why, you ask innocently? Quite evidently you have never walked down the second floor all of a balmy summer afternoon, feeling at peace with the world, and dreaming of vacation freckles and coats of tan to be acquired, only to have your dreams rudely shattered by pungent odors assailing your offending olfactory organ. On such occasions you first wonder if neighboring leather bed corporations are about to collect fire insurance, then you think that the boarders are going to have a Brussels sprout bake (whatever that would be), and then marvelling at your super-stupidity you recall that the science laboratory is on that floor, and that Professor Formal de Hyde has probably just claimed a new victim. It may be another octopus, or a man-eating tiger, or perhaps only a Dinosaur. About the time that you have definitely decided, the boarders have reached fifty-fourth street, and are still going strong. Oh, experience is a wonderful teacher, and the next time, you too, will perform your meditation on the genus and species in the next county.

But in all seriousness, these odoriferous messengers are quite excusable. We know, all persons or things of importance have announcements which presage their event, so why shouldn't our Circus? Barman and Bailey are not one jot ahead of us, we have a circus too. And if you doubt, just stop at Room 9 and investigate the collection which will someday, we hope soon, grace a fine museum out on "Our Street."

And I'll tell you something--if you wish to get on the good side of our Science Instructor, just bring a good looking bug or waterpillar to add to our menagerie!!

F. Taylor

*

The whole Student Body wishes to extend a welcome to Tillie, who has returned to continue her school career, and hopes she will be with us for a long time to come.

DRAMATICS

The Advanced Dramatic Class is soon to put on two productions, we understand, "Tips for Brides" and "The Romancers." The first unfolds some rather appropriate advice to brides who have been delighted with useless wedding presents. Two burglars enter into the plot, and---well, go and see it when it comes and find out.

"The Romancers" is a sort of mock-melodrama in which designing parents by the use of modern psychology accomplish (or do not accomplish--which is it?) a desirable marriage for their children. Shakespearian developments and rescues serve to usher in the climax.

ATHLETICS-----

Basketball

On account of winning two games out of three, the Sophomores are now in possession of the basketball pennant. The score was 13-0, the first game in favor of the Sophomores; 17-15, the second game in favor of the Freshmen; and 27-9, the third game in favor of the Sophomores. Both teams showed excellent sportsmanship, but the team work of neither team was above average. Frances Taylor, that tall jumping center, was the star of the Sophomore team and Helen McCarter, who plays any position with "vim and vigor," was perhaps the outstanding member of the Freshmen team.

BASEBALL

The opening game of baseball between the Freshmen and Sophomores was played on April 25. On account of the shortness of time, only two innings were played at which time the score stood 9-0 in favor of the Sophomores. Va Jean Norton was the most energetic and enthusiastic member of the Sophomore team.

*

Inter Nos wishes to extend sympathy to Misses Alice and Adelaide Buckler in the death of their uncle, and to request the prayers of its readers for the repose of his soul.

Sorority News

Gamma Sigma Phi Sorority takes pleasure in announcing as pledges the Misses Barbara Letts, Helen McLaughlin and Helen Shindel.

The pledges of Tau Alpha Zeta were honored during the past week. On Monday, April 28, we had the privilege of entertaining the members with a theatre party. Refreshments followed, concluding a most pleasant evening. Informal initiation of Tau Alpha Zeta pledges will be held the week of May 3 at Hermosa Beach, and formal initiation will be held at a dinner party to be given May 8 at the Pollyanna Tea Room.

SOCIOLOGY CLASS VISITS
STATE HOSPITAL

The College Sociology Class made one of the most interesting of its field trips, March 27, to the Norwalk State Hospital for the mentally ill.

Upon arrival at the hospital the class was met by Dr. Worley, who gave a very informative talk on the various mental diseases, their causes and effects. The different wards, factories, and plants were then visited. It is interesting to note that the inmates of the hospital manufacture their own ice, clothing, furniture; do their own cooking, baking, gardening--in fact, are almost totally independent of the rest of society.

Among the institutions previously visited by the class in connection with its field work are the Good Shepherd's Home, Little Sisters of the Poor, Japanese School, and Boyle Heights Orphans' Home.

Sister Genovese, Instructor of the class, states that the Ventura State Reformatory for Girls and Mother Cabrini's Proventorium are to be visited by the Class sometime in the near future.

J. McC.

EXCERPTS FROM FRESHMAN
BIOGRAPHIES

"I was four years old and mother had been busy all day, as we were to leave on our vacation to California beaches that evening. But so vain was I, I was sure my hair needed to be cut. Everyone was too busy to take me, and even though I had fretted and yelled the whole day, no one had relented. After almost giving up in despair, light came. I was going to do it myself. So with scissors and mirror in hand, I scrambled under the dining-room table and there, under the eye of no one, I gleefully cut my hair. I am leaving it now to your imagination what happened when Mother found me with my Pike's Peak hair at train time."

H.S.

"Mother was ill, and I had a thought which I was sure would please and surprise her. It indeed surprised her! In our garden there was a vine rich with beautiful white blossoms. 'How attractive they will look in her room,' I thought as I picked flowers and vines with carefree abandon. Just imagine my discomfiture when Mother raised her hands in holy horror at the sight, exclaiming, 'My string beans that I had taken such good care of!'"

M. McD.

The Gift (cont.)

Carefully the Blessed Lady watched over the tiny roses. They grew and their seeds fell onto the ground, and more flowers sprang up. They bloomed throughout the long centuries, long after the occupants of the little brown cottage had gone to their heavenly home. Their Fragrance has reached to all lands and has sustained many a poor soul and brought comfort to many a tired heart.

They are there today--deep, red roses, symbols of the Child's undying love, not only for His Mother, but for us. The way in which He labored to make the gift for His holy Mother is the way He labors today to bring us safely to Him before it is too late and the roses have lost their fragrance in our hearts.

Mary Ann Hobart

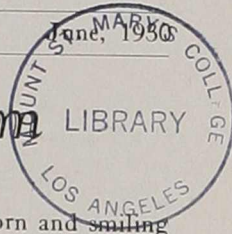
INTER-NOS

Vol. IV. No. 6

Mt. St. Mary's College

Bimillennium Virgilium

VIRGIL, POET OF THE AGES



Earthward flashed a star in the blue; another child is born and smiling
Mantua welcomes her little son.

The placid beauty of her purple mountains, her pastures bright with silver streams, her mossy banks and wooded hills gladden his childhood days and mold the spirit of the farmer's boy with a touch so deft that Virgil becomes his mother's poet, the bard of Mantua; the bard of Mantua destined to glorify Eternal Rome. The bard of Mantua, who, weary of a world sunk in degradation, peers through the veil of pagan darkness and sees—"a child whose life shall sway the world to which his father's virtues have brought peace."

VIRGILIUS, POETA AETATUM

Terram versus in
cælo stella splenduit.
Puer novus nascitur,
et Mantua ridens
filiolum salutat.

Amoenitas tranquilla
montium purpureorum,
prata rivulis argenteis
fulgentia, ripae muscosae,
colles silvestres
pueritiam eius laetificant
atque tam dextra manu
animum agricolae pueri
formant, ut Virgilius
matris poeta, Mantuae
vates fiat.

Vatem Mantuae!
Roman aeternam
celebrare destinatum.

Mantuae vates, turpe circumdatus
mundo, tu per obscuritatem
prospiciens vides puerum—"qui
pacatum-que reget patrius
virtutibus orbem."

—Helen Rumsey.



*Cynthus et Musae, Bacchus et Aglaie
Si laudem adspirare humilis, si adire Cyrenas
Si patrio Graecos carmine adire sales
Possumus, optatis plus iam procedimus ipsis.
Hoc satis est: pingui nil mihi cum populo.*

VIRGILE, POÈTE DES SIÈCLES

Dans l'azur du
ciel une étoile scintille
vers la terre.
Un enfant est né et
la souriante Mantoue
accueille chaudement
son petit citoyen.

La beauté placide
de ses montagnes
bleuâtres, ses pâturages
égayés par des ruisseaux
argents, ses rives
moussues et ses collines
boisées réjouissent
l'enfant et moulent
l'esprit du fils de
labourer si habilement
que Virgile devient
le poète de sa patrie;
le barde de

Mantoue; le barde de
Mantoue destiné à
glorifier l'Eternelle Rome.
Le barde de Mantoue
qui, las d'un monde
plongé dans la plus
grande dégra-

(Continued on page two)

STAFF

Editor H. Shubert
 Ass. Editor F. Taylor
 Bus. Manager B. Letts
 Senior Page Ed. T. Pelligrin
 Art Editor M. E. Lamb

—o—

Words, the messengers of thought! What a power is theirs, what a history and what an influence the language of Virgil has had upon this history of words—on philology. Compare the various translations of the little appreciation of Virgil in this paper. Three of the languages spring immediately from Latin, another indirectly and partially. Even the Germanic tongues have been constrained in the course of their evolution to borrow from the stately speech of Rome. These translations not only show a modified similarity to Latin sound and spelling, but frequent resemblance of construction and idiom, as for instance in the titles: 'siglos,' 'sicoli,' 'siècles' from 'saeculi.' They illustrate, as well, the modification which the mother tongue has undergone in each nation. Thus the Latin *l's* become *d's* and *g's* and *c's* in Spanish, as 'degradación' 'destinado.' The English has strangely preserved the classical spelling through French-Romance and has carried it but slightly touched by the Anglo-Saxon elements of her tongue into the modern era, though Saxon influence is discernible in our pronunciation of the Latin roots.

How near antiquity is to us! We who celebrate the Bimillennium of Virgil still speak his words to praise him. What greater tribute can we pay to the Poet of the Ages!

(Continued from page 1.)

dan, pénètre le voile des ténèbres païennes d'un regard scrutateur et aperçoit—"un Enfant dont la vie dominera un monde en paix grâce aux vertus de son père."

—Sophie Pulido.

MATER GENERIS HUMANAЕ

We pray Thee, too, for strength to
 persevere,
 That we may walk the path of virtue
 and no other,
 That we may have for honor, love;
 for sin, unbounded fear,
 And in the end the right to call
 Thee Mother.

M. V. B.

"'Woman, behold thy Son.' After that he saith to the disciple, 'Behold thy Mother'."

Since the day of the Crucifixion those words of charity from the lips of Our Divine Lord have been solace and comfort to the human race. Penitent Christians have sought return to the Fount of Grace through Our Blessed Mother. For two thousand years the name of Mary has rung in their hearts, the synonym for the ideal motherhood—sheltering, unswerving in care and solicitude, understanding and forgiving. To mothers she has been model and strength in the trials and constant sacrifice of their state.

In formal recognition of the office of the Blessed Virgin as mother of all Christians, Pope Pius XI has decreed the Feast of Mater Generis Humanae—Mother of the Human Race—to be celebrated throughout the Church upon each Mother's Day. No other feast, in its depth of symbolism and meaning, could please her more.

And so though life's long, weary
 years

A friend through art, a Mother dear,
 Though nature taints thee not at all.
 In aspects sundry thou art near
 To guide me in the way of love
 and shower blessings from above.

—B. Meade.

VIRGILIO, POETA DE LOS
SIGLOS

Hacia la tierra brilló una estrella en el firmamento. Otro niño nace, y Mantua sonriente da la bienvenida a su hijo.

La belleza plácida de sus montañas purpúreas, sus pasturas radiantes con corrientes cristalinas, sus orillas mohosas y collados cubiertos de bosques alegran los días de su niñez, y forman el espíritu del hijo del agricultor con un toque tan pulido que Virgilio se volvió el poeta de su madre, el bardo de Mantua. El bardo de Mantua, destinado a glorificar la Roma eterna. El bardo de Mantua, quien, fatigado de un mundo embriagado por la más baja degradación, mira a través de las tinieblas paganas y ve—"un niño cuya vida regirá un mundo al cual las virtudes de su padre han traído paz."

—*Francisca Taylor.*

—o—

VIRGILIUS, DE DICHTER DER
EEUWEN

Een ster verschynt uit het azuur, een Kind is geboren en glimlachlend Mantua verwelkomt haar kleinen jongen.

De vredige schoonheid van haar violette bergen, haar weiden doorsneden val zilveren beken, haar mossige boorden en begroeide heuvels brengen blydschap in zyn kinderjaren. In deze omgeving ontwikkelt zich de geest van den borenjongen zoodanig dat hy de dichter wordt van zyn Moeder, de minstreel van Mantua. De Bard van Mantua bestemt om de glorie van Rome te vereeuwigen. De bard van Mantua die, ontgoocheld door een wereld verzonken in diep verval, den sluier van heidensche duisternis doorziet en een vizioen heeft van—"een Kind, wiens leven een openbaring zal zyn voor de wereld, aan wie de deugden van zyn vader vrede gebracht heeft."

—*Paula Pick.*

VIRGIL, DER UNSTERBLICHE
DICHTER

Ein Sternlein funkelt im Blauen und winket der Erde zu; wiederum erblickt ein Kindchen das Licht der Welt, und lächelnd Mantua begrüsst seinen kleinen Bürger.

Die sanfte Schönheit seiner blauen Berge, seine prachtigen Wiesen mit silbernen Flüssen, seine moosbedeckten Gestade und bewaldeten Hügel erfreuen die Kindheit und bilden den Geist des Bauernknaben auf solch vortreffliche Weise, dass Virgil zum Dichter seiner Mutter und zum Barden von Mantua wird. Der Barde von Mantua bestimmt das Ewige Rom zu verherrlichen; der Barde von Mantua, ärgerlich über eine Welt versunken in Sittenlosigkeit, durchschaut die Hülle der heidnischen Finsternis und sieht—"ein Kind, dessen Leben eine Welt beherrschen wird, der die Tugenden seines Vaters den Frieden gebracht hatten."

—*Helena Schubert.*

—o—

VIRGILIO, IL POETA DEI
SECOLI

Dall'azzurro del cielo uno stella scende verso la terra. Un bambino è nato, e la sorridente Mantova accoglie cotesto suo figliuolo con grande amorevolezza.

La placida bellezza dei suoi monti, dei suoi pascoli risplendenti di argentei ruscelli, le muscose rive, i boschi, e le colline rallegrano l'infanzia del contadinello e ne plasmano la mente così abilmente che Virgilio diviene il poeta della sua madre terra, il Poeta di Mantova. Il grande Mantovano destinato a glorificare la Roma Eterna. Il Poeta di Mantova che, stanco d'un mondo ubbriaco dal putridume della degradazione, penetra la maschera delle tenebre pagane e contempla—"un Figlio la cui vita dominerà un mondo in pace per la virtù del padre suo."

—*Evelyn Orella.*

AN OPEN LETTER TO
THE SENIORS

Every year the Seniors have to leave us. It is in the nature of things, that they should. It seems, too, that it is in the nature of things to frame long and verbose declarations of farewell at their departure. INTER-NOS desires to be different. It desires to expose to public view the true opinion of the College in regard to its seven Senior Students. Ergo, the Editorial Department had a conference with the Juniors for the purpose of discovering certain obscure bits of information about these proud young ladies. Now, the Junior class would *seem* to be the logical place to go for such a thing. It was not, however. The Juniors are either an abnormal class, possessed of love for the Seniors, or else they are too dreadfully indifferent to even bother with them! (Let's pique the Seniors by believing the latter theory.)

But the Sophomore class—the Seniors' own sister class! That was different! They expatiated at considerable length upon their shortcomings. It seems that they are a bit too aloof, a bit clannish, somewhat possessed of a superiority complex, though as individuals they are tolerably likeable! When asked by the Editorial Department (previously alluded to) if they would miss the graduates, they variously responded. Some rather regretted the loss of Miss McCann's Cheshire cat smile. (Needless to say, the Editor was in this group. She likes cats.) No. That emphatically is *not* saying that Therese is a cat. She is *not*. Another group sighed to think of the monotony and passivity of a history department unfrequented by Miss Hoffman. Absence after June fifth of disquisitions upon a certain "Heinrich" was mentioned as regrettable by the resident students. Helen Rumsey was the topic of special discussion. No one could come to a conclusion in her case,

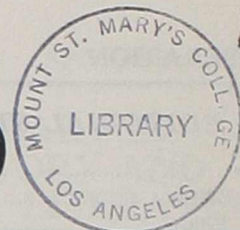
however, perhaps because their subject is continually up in the air. Now the Editor wishes to stand up for Miss Rumsey, for she carried the burden of editorship for two years and that is convincing proof to the uninitiated, at least, that she possesses the stalwart virtues of perseverance and patience.

Now, in all fairness to the Junior Class, it ought to be mentioned that they finally made some tardy contributions to this collection. One specimen reminded us somewhat of an ardent paleontologist's reconstruction of an extinct fossil—mostly imagination. It was Miss Moyer completely disheveled—hair awry, heels worn down, and runners in her stockings. Miss Calloway nearly escaped the microscope. However, she came into the Editorial room as the paper was being finally revised and made some brilliant remark, so in revenge we simply wish to say that anyone who majors in mathematics, no matter what external appearances may be, is deficient somewhere. Miss Lamb was a problem. The only thing anyone had against her, unfortunately, was the boisterous way she conducted an otherwise dignified Student Body meeting. The Juniors exhibited a terrible reaction to Miss McNeese's name. What was said was lost in the confusion. We did glean, however, that she has been renowned all over the school for her love of the French language, verbs, etc., and all.

Now, Seniors, if you do not like this article, blame yourselves. You were originally offered the column to edit, but (we suspect) in hope that more flattering remarks might be forthcoming from other quarters, declined the offer. Tables, unfortunately, have a provoking habit of turning.

P. S.—Seriously speaking, Seniors, we *do* like you and we *do* hate to see you leave us. And further, we hope that you will be back next year to do graduate work at M.S.M.C.

INTER-NOS



VOL. V. NO. I.

Mt. St. Mary's College

OCTOBER 15, 1930.

Founders' Day, October Fifteenth

With the return of Founder's Day our thoughts go back to that memorable occasion, when on October 15, 1929, the granting of the Charter to Mount Saint Mary's College, made that institution no longer a dream but a reality.

One small class room housed our beloved Charter Members, the twenty five happy girls, who formed the nucleus of the flourishing student body of today.

With each succeeding year new faces have been added to the old until on Founder's Day of 1930, we greet a group in which any institution might find justifiable pride and joy.

Your loyal cooperation has helped to make the College what it is today,—a college which is fast making a name for itself in the educational world. May it be characterized especially by a type of womanhood of which the world today stands much in need,—a womanhood strong in its convictions, fearless in upholding true Christian ideals, no matter what the cost.

On the occasion of the first issue of this year's INTER-NOS we extend cordial welcome to all of you—to our dear Charter Members and Alumnae and to our cherished present Student Body, and we ask that our Patroness, Christ's Blessed Mother, may grant to one and all a happy and profitable year.

Sister Margaret Mary.

HONOR TO VERGIL

The fifteenth of October of the year nineteen thirty, marks the twentieth century since the birth of Vergil, and the culmination of a year during which the Vergil Bi-Millennium has received its due meed of attention.

The Classical Journal, which from a scholarly view point may easily rank as one of America's outstanding publications, has devoted its October issue to the celebration of this great anniversary. It is to be hoped that the Journal will receive

TO THE STUDENT BODY

Since we are at the beginning of our school year, it is indeed a very appropriate time to consider that our standards of conduct and responsibility will be observed not only by our parents and teachers, but also by the outside world in general. We have been placed in this institution for the very purpose of upholding those high standards and ideals for which Mount Saint Mary's College stands. We should bear in mind that it is our privilege and duty, by our personal conduct, to make our college an example for the many institutions which surround us. The untiring and patient work of the Sisters and the cooperation of the students in the past, have established this college on a firm basis. Our duty towards our college lies upon the student body as a whole, but upon each individual member who calls herself an honest representative of Mount Saint Mary's. However successful we may have been in the past, the future rests entirely upon our respective efforts and that future will be absolutely and permanently secured if we strive to become exemplary students of Mount Saint Mary's College.

Paula Pick, Student Body President.

the attention which its masterly articles deserve.

The dedication for this special Vergil number was awarded a prize for "the best tribute to Vergil composed in Latin in a form suitable for a commemorative tablet." It was written by M. H. Griffin of the University of North Carolina and reads as follows:

PUBLIO VERGILIO MARONI
DULCI DECORI TERRAE ITALIAE
MUSIS HOMERICIS POETAE
DILECTISSIMO

(Continued on page four)

Six years ago this Founders' Day the Sisters of St. Joseph, at the request of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, opened Mt. St. Mary's College—a venture in courage and Providential trust. They started with twenty-five girls and a teaching faculty of eleven. Since that time the enrollment has come to number nearly ninety lay students and a hundred religious and the faculty to include thirty-four members.

These six years of growth are the result of cooperation—loyalty upon the part of the student body, concentrated energy and vision upon the part of the faculty. And in no small degree does St. Mary's owe its success to its President, Mother Margaret Mary. The influence of her leadership has been felt in the shaping and maintenance of the institution's standards, in the faculty selections, and in its expansion and recognition. Under her guidance St. Mary's gave its first degrees, received the right to grant the State Teacher's Credentials, purchased and began construction on its beautiful thirty-six acre campus above Sepulveda cañon. Without doubt, for these along with the other successes Mt. St. Mary's has achieved, Mother Margaret has spent hours in prayer to the Sacred Heart and His servant St. Mary Margaret of Alcoque.

Appropriately enough, Founder's Day falls within two days of her own feast and will recall year by year Mother Margaret's part in the pioneer chapter of our Alma Mater's history.

Upon the approaching day Mt. St. Mary's desires to extend Mother its gratitude and best wishes for her spiritual joy and happiness.

Editor.

COLUMBUS DAY ADDRESS

The observance of Columbus Day by the College Student Body was this year marked by the address of a very notable speaker, the Hon. Jos. Scott.

This eminent Catholic layman pre-
(Continued on page three)

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TO THE FRESHMEN

Particularly to you, who find yourselves Freshmen at Mt. St. Mary's surrounded by the familiar customs and religious teachers of your own Faith—even graduates perhaps of the Academy, it may seem surprising to say that in America, at least, the college freshman is a universal problem. He is a problem in readjustments, a problem intensified usually by his own unconsciousness of the fact and consequent inability to cooperate in the orientation process.

In the Catholic college social readjustment is reduced to a minimum and the intellectual orientation can be tackled at once. This intellectual adjustment, if we may say so, consists in teaching you to think critically and to want to think critically. That is the primary purpose of a college education. It is not vocational; it is not recreational, and above all it is not the acquisition of enough units and grade points for a piece of engrossed sheepskin four years later.

Now since the purpose is critical thought, the notion of "individualness" is immediately implied in all the values relative to that end. It means that you must do the thinking, that you must be the active agent in your own education. To suggest that your grocer digest your dinner for you would be ridiculous, but no less ridiculous than to expect your teachers to assimilate your assignments. It means that you can not sit in the classroom a dormant sponge! And exactly here is the crux of the matter. If the success of your four years in college depends on you, what should you do to insure its being a success?

With the foregoing as a prelude, let us make—aye, urge upon you—the following concrete suggestions:

1.—Try to dissociate college from high school entirely. Regard it as an adventure in concentration and self-discipline requiring the greatest degree of maturity

of which you are capable.

2.—Do not submit to the enticing but destructive temptation to waste the time between classes. Probably nothing else so fatigues the brain and "breaks contact" with study as continued indulgence in idle conversation.

3.—Consider the library not as a variety of study hall but as a fascinating laboratory in which you have been turned loose to experiment. Acquire the habit of independent browsing and thus follow up the paths to which your instructors have pointed.

4.—And lastly—let us close our harangue with the admonition to correlate your study, that is to tie up the threads of thought suggested in one class with those of another class, and to criticize and challenge your own thoughts, to occasionally stop to sort out your mental accumulations and organize them into a definite mosaic.

INTER-NOS wishes you a most successful year.

GLEANINGS

The curse of the feminine mind overcomes us. We become curious to know whether Miss Bryan's return should be regarded as a rather tardy resumption of fall studies or as an early arrival for the second semester.

We have an ever increasing respect for Miss McInerney. She has twice ventured to tell the French teacher when the period was up!

Trinidad, Colorado has suddenly bloomed into importance. If you don't believe it, ask Louise Anselmo.

W. R. Hearst's pains to bring secret diplomacy to light, and thus stamp out a *causus belli*, are bringing him into precariously close contact with Mars, methinks.

Up to a rather recent date the Gleaner has looked upon the Putt-putt golf course as a sort of blotter for mental and physical inertia. However, her estimation of the "animal" has increased forty-seven and a half percent since her discovery that the one next door to school has relieved that traditional tennis-court congestion.

To anyone seeking inspiration for the composition of another 'Deserted Village,' we suggest that she languish a few hours in the now forlorn and sadly dejected atmosphere of Room III. (Catch on? Somebody's sojourning in the East, you know.)

EX LIBRIS

This column will be devoted to a series of reviews of current books with which a discriminating reader or a college student should be acquainted. The review for this month will be of especial interest to majors in the English department.

"HUMANISM AND AMERICA"

Edited by Norman Foerster

Reviewed by Helen Shubert

"Life is a long headache in a busy street," says Norman Foerster in criticism of "Modernism," as he introduces the group of eminent Anglo-American literary men and scholars who are to explain this challenge to American thought in the chapters of the symposium titled "Humanism and America."

The puzzling word "humanism" has a philosophical meaning here, fully understood, however, only in an historical light. As the Humanists of the Renaissance sought to bring man "back to earth" from the plain of mysticism, so our present Humanists wish to rescue him from the Charybdis pools of materialistic-automaton life into which he is falling and restore to him his human dignity.

While the essays comprising the book show differences of attitude upon the part of their authors, they reveal a unity of conviction upon the following points, rather well stated in the "Essay at Definition" by Irving Babbitt: A nationally idealistic approach to life, the spiritual element in man, man's ability to shape his own destiny, order and restraint in all things.

As the reader will note, these are all philosophical notions. Now, usually when a group of men begin philosophizing in an age as swift and complex as ours without the anchor of any authoritative faith, there is apt to result a situation analogous to that ascribed by a certain jurist to German political discussions—as many opinions present as there are men. Indeed one of the Humanists, T. S. Eliot, emphasizes in his essay on "Humanism and Religion" the need of authority for the future unity of the movement.

Catholic critics naturally take this same view, George Shuster characterizes

(Continued on page three)

First Rooster: What's the matter with Mrs. Brahma?

Second Ditto: Shell shock. Ducks came out of the eggs she was sitting on.

FRESHMEN GIVEN A QUALITATIVE ANALYSIS

The Freshmen are always an interesting subject for the Upper-Classmen to analyse and pick to pieces—to pass judgments on and then make observations as to their validity. The Freshmen are more easily put under the microscope; their inferior position rather prevents their making a protest. Herewith are the reactions of the different classes to our 1930 crop of Frosh.

SENIOR REACTIONS

Since September 15 M. S. M. C. has been kept in a state of bewilderment by the Freshman class. They nonchalantly roll up in Franklins and Cads to her portals and stroll through its halls of learning with that air of supreme importance—carried over from last year. In their sweet little way they brightly ask seniors if they are the sophomores. Imagine their embarrassment! Now we beg of you, just what is to be done with such naive inquisitive children? The darlings—they do amuse us with their cunning little idiosyncrasies. Nevertheless, we have a warm spot in our hearts for our "Freshies" and hope they keep that "youthful spirit." We feel certain that the fellowship they have hereto shown will carry them thru their college days with "flying colors."

Ann Conroy and Virginia Gearin.

THE JUNIORS' REACTIONS

Looking through the glass of the honorable Junior, and seeing the greenness of Freshmanland, we discover much to delight our eyes. There is class spirit—no doubt of it. Their sportmanship during the initiation is proof of that. Why, I do believe they had as much fun, if not more, than the officiating Sophomores. We also noticed that, even without the help of the trusty cosmetics, there is much beauty in this promising class. They have good choice, too. Didn't they select Madelyn O'Connor and Margaret Hoffman to show them the way to distinction?

Yes, dear Freshies, we sincerely welcome you, and trust you will always abide by the lofty ideals and traditions of our Alma Mater. And in the years that you will be privileged members of our student body, you will help to build up new traditions that those who follow will acclaim with pride.

M. A. Hannin.

THE SOPHOMORES' REACTION

Yes, we made them wear their hair in tight little braids; we made them carry our books and address us as "Miss"; we tried to humiliate them, we must admit. But underneath our formidable exteriors we felt a pang of pity for them. The Juniors and Seniors may have forgotten their initiations. But it was only last year that the Sophomores, who looked so awe-inspiring to us, made the objects of their amusement. Of course, we will have to admit that we did enjoy the embarrassment of the "Freshies." We liked the feeling of being able to make them obey us. Now that their week of discomfort is over, we want to say that they need fear us no longer. We are for them, not against them. We want them to know that we consider them the best of sportsmen. They took their initiation without grumbling and went through everything cheerfully. The Sophomores admire them for it. We congratulate you, Freshmen.

M. A. Hebert.

EX LIBRIS

(Continued from page two)

ing it as a "half-way house" that may slip down the hill again without the anchor of orthodoxy. Too, they see the limitations of a movement that regards "pure reason" and Greek philosophy untempered by the thought of succeeding ages as the panacea for our present literary and cultural ills.

Another error exists in the Humanists' insistence that there is a necessary conflict between the two natures in man—"an absolute dualism of good and evil." Yet, Catholic critics are much gentler with the Humanists than are critics outside the Church, most of whom feel deeply wounded and somewhat disturbed, perhaps, that anyone would dispute the priority of empirical science in the realms of philosophy as did L. T. More—himself a physicist—in the opening chapter of our book.

And so the battle rages. One need not, however, follow it into its more violent phases. The book certainly contains some excellent literary canons and is written in a varied and interesting style. To anyone who has developed a headache while justling down the street of our puzzling contemporary literature, "Humanism and America" should prove delightfully refreshing.

THE ROSARY IN HISTORY AND LITERATURE

"While from our Father's garden
With loving hearts and bold,
We gather to thine honor
Buds white and red and gold."

The name Rosary—meaning perhaps a chaplet of flowers—has ever been a name rich with history, legend and romance as well as the sentiment of a beautiful Catholic devotion.

The Feast of the Rosary has in its history the glamour of Lepanto, the deeds of St. Dominic and the pious legends of the ages:

But Don John of Austria is riding to the Sea...

It is Richard, it is Raymond, it is Michael at the gate!

St. Michael's on his Mountain in the Seamounts of the North.

Don John of Austria is girt and going forth!

("Lepanto" by G. K. Chesterton.)

Among the stories that have grown up to explain the origin of the chaplet is this one told of a medieval monk: Once Our Lady appeared to a young monk as he was devoutly repeating the Golden Hail Mary. Miraculously, she drew forth from his praying lips beautiful rose buds which she wove into a garland and placed upon her hair.

Among the great devotions to the Rosary recorded in history are those of St. Dominic, preeminently, of St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Louis Bertrand—an apostle of New Spain, Pope Pious V, a Dominican, and in whose Pontificate Lepanto was won, Pope Leo XIII and Le Marshal Foch.

(Continued from page one)

sented to the students the thrilling episode of the discovery of America, bringing out with peculiar emphasis the influence exercised by Catholic Faith.

Mr. Scott also took occasion to remind the students to conduct themselves as exemplary products of a Catholic College, and to show the world what true Catholic womanhood is. And finally, he stressed the seriousness of gratitude for the privilege of living in a Catholic atmosphere, not only to priests and sisters, but to long-suffering, self-sacrificing parents.

The whole talk, delivered informally and in a spirit of friendship was ended most appropriately with a promise quick of fulfillment, but slow to be forgotten—a holiday.

CLASSICAL SECTION

One of the selected letters of Seneca, translated by the Senior Latin class and which they advise others to read if they do not care to consult the original source.

ON THE USE OF TIME

Seneca greets his dear Lucilius:

Act thus, my Lucilius; free yourself for your own good and conserve and guard your time, which up to now was either snatched from you, or was filched or just slipped away. Persuade yourself that this is as I write; certain moments are snatched from us, some are quietly taken away and some flow away. Still the basest loss is that which happens through negligence and if you will attend to the matter you will find that the greatest part of life slips away in doing evil, a great part in doing nothing and the whole life in doing something unimportant. Whom can you offer me who places any price on time, who values the day, who understands that he is dying daily. For in this we deceive ourselves, that we look forward to death; a great part of it has already past by. Death holds whatever years of our life are behind us.

Do then, my Lucilius, what you write that you are doing, grasp every hour. So it will happen, if you will lay hold of today that you will depend less on tomorrow. While we procrastinate, life rushes by. Everything, Lucilius, is outside of control, only time is ours. Nature sends us the possession of this fleeting and slippery thing alone, from which whoever wishes may deprive us. And such great foolishness belong to mortals that they allow the thing which are least and cheapest, at any rate, replaceable, to be charged to them when they have sought and acquired them; but no one judges that anyone owes him who takes his time; meanwhile this the one thing which not even the grateful can give back.

Perhaps you will ask what I am doing, who give counsel to you. I will confess frankly that my expense account balances, as happens when one is carefully freehanded. I cannot say that I squander nothing; but I can say what I squander and why and how; I will tell the reason for my poverty, but it happens to me as to many, reduced to poor circumstances, not thought their own fault.

What of it? I do not think him poor who has enough, no matter how little remains. Still I wish you to conserve your possessions and begin right away. For as

HONOUR TO VERGIL

(Continued from page one)

MEMORIAQUE AETERNA IN ANIMIS
HOMINUM
VATI PACIS UNIVERSAE
DIE NATALI BIS MILLESIMO HOC
TESTIMONIUM
PIETASTIQUE AC CARITATIS
POPULUS AMERICANUS DEDIT
DEDICAVITQUE
ID OCT MCMXXX A D

Dr. Frank J. Miller, former editor of the Classical Journal, and a well known Vergilian scholar contributes the editorial. He says in part: "Sed non omnis Brundisi mortuus es, nam melior pars in aevum perduravit. Etiam nunc vivus per ora virum volitas, ut tu ipse quondam dixisti... Nostri iuvenes te legunt, intelligunt, colunt. Tua studia, tuae spes nostrae sunt... te nos Americani salutamus, te celebramus, te nostrum ipsorum poetam vindicamus."

If the poet is the epitome of the imaginative life of his age and nation, Vergil may be truly styled "the poet of the ages," for he has "penetrated beneath literary conventions and given free expression to the struggling half-articulate thoughts of his own age," while summing up the past, and directing the future.

The Bucolics and Georgics have mirrored for us in wonderful descriptions, Vergil the lover of country life, but, it is his great epic which gives the best expression of the poet's mind. Aeneas "the man apart" reflects the master who has given him immortality. A deep and sacred love of fatherland, with its religious and patriotic traditions, offers to Vergil as well as to Aeneas, true title to the designation "pius." Aeneas the symbol of fate, shows forth the poet's plan in which, with the gods directing, and man cooperating, is achieved the destiny of Eternal Rome.

To the works of Vergil we may fearlessly apply the touch-stone for the sublime, that quality in literature which makes it truly great—the universal appeal, by which the heartstrings of mankind are touched and stirred. Granted that the high perfection of his verse, with its marvellous technique, as well as its artistic and chaste simplicity sets it above

it seemed to our ancestors, economy in the dregs is late. Not only a little remains in the bottom of the cask, but the worst wine.

Farewell.

THINGS SORORAL

Tau Alpha Zeta is pleased to announce as officers for the coming year, the Misses: Adelaide Boeller, president; Mary McNeil, treasurer; and Tillie Pellegrin, secretary. Elections were held on Sept. 16.

At the beginning of the summer vacation, the members enjoyed the pleasures of a beach house. "Open house" was held during the sorority's stay there, and the guests included many of our college friends.

The home of Miss Therese McCann was the scene of a lovely tea on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 28. About twenty invitations were issued. The occasion served as the initial opening of Tau Alpha Zeta's rush week.

The Pollyanna Tea room was the scene of the formal pledge dinner of Tau Alpha Zeta, on Thursday evening, October 8. The sorority's color motif, green and gold, being artistically employed in the decorations. The sorority welcomed as pledges the Misses Josephine Scott, Frances Taylor, Mary McCarthy, Josephine Egan and Marguerite Dunne.

M. McD.

—o—

Among the various affairs of the rush season in the Gamma Sigma Phi Sorority was a twilight swimming party given at the beach home of Miss Barbara Letts. The decorative motive was carried out in the sorority colors.

The rushees of the Gamma Sigma Phi Sorority were entertained at a delightful theatre party Friday evening, October 3rd. After the performance dainty refreshments were served at the home of Miss Ellen McLaughlin.

F. C.

the lowlands where the rank and file seek literary nourishment, yet there have been in the past, there are at present, and there shall be in the future ages many lovers of the Mantuan bard, who base their affection not on any realization of his skill in onomatopoeia, nor on the appreciation either of his genius in handling dactylic hexameters, or of any other of his scholarly attainments, but rather does this affection spring from the quick stirring of sympathy aroused by a tale of human sorrows, from the sweet music of his song, and from the spiritual joy which lovers of nature draw from his poetic inspiration.

Sister Mary Dolorosa.

INTER-NOS



VOL. V. NO. 2

Mt. St. Mary's College, Los Angeles

DECEMBER 18, 1930

An Idle Product of the Schools

Independent of the exercise of the religious nature, perhaps no activity of the individual mind so adequately serves as an index of spiritual living as one's practice of reading. It is at once the test of a person of culture. I do not refer, of course, to such reading as a student daily performs in pursuit of his studies. In the case of a college student, I rather hold that study is merely a maturing and strengthening of the mind, hardly a final education; that it is a form of discipline which is to teach the student the rigor of application, the methods, and the results which the active life of a person of culture holds as its true aim—the love of letters, of sound scholarship, of pure truth.

Thus college education is not a preparation which enables one to meet merely the practical side of life, but it is designated rather for the formation of the habits of cultural living. The exercise of these habits, which are the bent and disposition of the spiritual nature, is one's real life. Poor, indeed, will then be the college student who comes to graduation having done only assignments.

But how is one to find time to read, when hours are already well filled? This must depend largely upon the individual. Perhaps in a budget of one's time at least an hour a day, preferably when one may be most free from interruption, may be given to such reading as the thoughtful student will seek out. Often this hour may be broken into or set aside by urgent demand of duties; but if habit of reading is once established, the lost hour will be more than compensated for by those periods when one grandly loses himself, oblivious of time, in a good book.

Most praiseworthy are the efforts of the editor of this paper to bring to the attention of its readers important books which the reading student can hardly afford to miss. To find oneself in them is to give proper proof of daily study. Said that most learned of English poets, the austere Milton, "He

The varied opinions of the judges of the prize Christmas story made it necessary to divide the prize among four contestants: Miss Geare, Miss Hebert, Miss Roseneck and Miss Shubert. "A Christmas Meditation, first choice for publication in INTER-NOS, appears on page two. The second choice, "Marsha's Sheep," appears below:

Marsha's Sheep

By Kathryn Geare '34.

On through the gathering dusk Marsha wearily followed her father's sheep. Her little heart was filled with sorrow—even the coming of the people for enrollment failed to excite her. That greatest of all evils—misunderstanding—had entered her home since the death of her beloved mother. Her proud, publican father, Haja, had nothing in common with his lonely little daughter. All this, Marsha brooded upon as she walked along, until she noticed that her sheep were running from the path into the fields. Glancing around for the cause of the disturbance, Marsha could make out a donkey upon which sat the drooping figure of a woman; a dignified man with a white straight beard walked beside her.

"Little one, canst thou tell me if we follow the road that leads to Bethlehem?" Her voice, in sharp contrast to her appearance made Marsha unconsciously strive to see more clearly her questioner's features.

"No my Lady," she made answer, "Bethlehem road is already half a league behind thee—at the corner of my father's house. I shall conduct thee thither if thou wilt."

"God bless thee little one, let us go." Strangely perturbed, Marsha led the way back to the correct path. As they neared her house the lady spoke again.

"Dost know of a house of lodging child?" Now, Marsha who in her child-like way

who brings not to his reading a mind well stored, remains shallow in himself, an idle product of the Schools."

B. F. Stelter, Ph. D.

Bishop's Blessing

In our column set aside for messages from prominent men, we thought it most fitting that our Christmas number should contain a word of blessing and advice from our most holy and reverend bishop:

As it was out of the stable at Bethlehem and amid the trappings of poverty that the spirit of Christmas moved the pagan land that had no room for Him Who was the Expectation of the Ages, so should we learn that it is the spirit of humility, of generosity and of kindness that makes a Christmas happy and a New Year prosperous.

Such is the blessing that I pray upon the students of Mount St. Mary's College. May they ever find in their homes and in their hearts a resting place for the Babe of Bethlehem.

† JOHN J. CANTWELL,
Bishop of Los Angeles and San Diego.

had concluded that the pair were looking for an inn said:

"Oh lady, my father's house is large! I shall run ahead and tell him so that he shall invite you to stay with us." Without waiting for an answer, for she was an impetuous child, Marsha, entirely forgetting her sheep, sped on. Breathless she related the incident to Haja only to have him ask:

"And where are my sheep, daughter—hast thou forgotten them?"

Marsha, stricken with the realization of her neglect, was silent; this confirmed his fear and roused his anger so that instead of acquiescing to her request, he thundered:

"Never, Marsha, let thy heart direct thy hand! Tell these strangers to find shelter elsewhere—and then do not return till thou hast found my sheep." In abject terror, Marsha shrank out of the room and faced them whom she wished to befriend. They, too had heard her father's ultimatum and were turning away sorrowfully. Torn between a desire to make amends for her father's

(Continued on page three)



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 T. Pellegrin, M. McNeil, E. Gerlock.

A Christmas Meditation

By Helen Schubert

There is noise and clatter and color in the streets of Bethlehem. All Judea has come thither in obedience to its unwelcome master. Imperial Rome has ordered a census of her eastern conquests.

Emerging from one of the side streets is a young girl riding a tired ass—a gray, old man walks beside her. His face is seamed but fascinating. It is the picture of a hard, long struggle in humble things mastered in humility. It is a patient face—a holy face.

The girl speaks to him.

"Ah, Joseph, you are tired. Perhaps I could walk a while."

"No, Mary, no. It's not much farther now." He smiles—touching her hand.

They pause to give their animal water. And the Eternal Father looks down on them... on submission to His Will, one the mystical surrender of a young soul, the other the resignation of duty, courageous in the face of pain.

Joseph lays hold of the bridle again and they continue through the gathering winter dusk in search of shelter that will be scarce and dear. We follow them through crooked streets as hostelry after hostelry turns them from their crowded doors. There's too much money in Bethlehem tonight to bother with poverty.

Joseph's brow is troubled, but Mary's no. She isn't thinking of lodging or food now. Joseph, though, is trying to fathom the way of God. Perhaps his mind anticipates those words of another one, perplexed centuries later:

"O Designer Infinite!

Must Thou char the wood, ere Thou canst limn with it!"

They make a final halt before an inn on the outskirts of the city. Mary's eyes follow him to the door... and back again.

"They've no room for us, Mary!" He pauses. "Mary, I remember when I used to live here in Bethlehem that the shepherds

Who Is Mt. St. Mary's Favorite Saint?

Investigation has disclosed that the Little Flower is the most popular. Many gave as the reasons for their choice of St. Theresa the fact that she was of our own age; that she is not separated from us by a long interval of time; that she did nothing tremendous in the eyes of the world, but simply did little things in a "big way."

The next in popularity was St. Joseph. This would seem natural, especially in a school conducted by the Order of St. Joseph.

It was rather a surprise to find so few of the girls naming our Blessed Mother as their favorite. The explanation seems to be that they place her above and outside the category of the saints. She is the Blessed Virgin, the Immaculate Conception, "standing next to the King in vestures of gold."

Numerous other saints were mentioned. Among them were St. Stanislaus, Poland's patron, St. Anthony, St. Rita, saint of the impossible, St. Agnes, St. Margaret Mary and St. Jude. Nor was St. Patrick, Ireland's own glory, forgotten.

Mary Ann Hebert.

had caves out in the hills... in. Oh, Mary, I'm sorry. I..."

"Let's go there then, Joseph. And so the messengers of God trudged into the cold, blue hills of Bethlehem. Late that night Joseph showed the Mother of God into a herdsman's cave, when he would have given her a palace.

Again the Eternal Father watches the progress of the Incarnation. Already He can hear the joy-bells ringing—the angels singing, but while Earth hears only the music of a miracle in charity and love, He—He and Christ can see the shadow of the Cross as it moves across the crib.

And in the cave—there's darkness, except for a shaft from the frosty maiden moon. There is silence. Joseph still ponders how Poverty, which ever has covered him in its threadbare mantle, has been chosen by God as the first great Gospel to man.

But his pondering fades before the glory of the Nativity: *et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto, ex Maria Virgine, et homo factus est*. Even the Heavenly Father forgets all else to share this moment with Mary. He suffuses the cave with a glowing light. It reveals Mary—Mother now; her face is pale and her dark eyes are pools of a mystery too deep for Earth. Her lips touch the silence in awe:

"My Lord and My God!"



The Green Pastures

By Marc Connelly

Reviewed by Mary McNeil

"The Green Pastures" is a play suggested by Roark Bradford's southern sketches, "Old Man Adam and his Chillun." This play has not only won the Pulitzer prize, but has been one of the most original and successful of the past dramatic season.

In it a Louisiana Negro preacher interprets for the children of his Sunday-school the major events of the Old Testament in terms of his own childlike imagination and faith. The result is unusual and notable in that it arouses simultaneously such strong impulses toward laughter and tears, without a touch of irreverence.

In the preface Mr. Connelly explains that the purpose of his production is "to present certain aspects of a religion in the terms of its believers, unburdened by the differences of more educated theologians." He continues "they accept the Old Testament as a chronicle of wonders which happened to people like themselves in vague but actual places, and of rules of conduct, true acceptance of which will lead them to a tangible, three-dimensional heaven.

This unusual drama, which is developed by an all-Negro cast upon a stage of symbolic and conventionalized sets, and with a musical score entirely composed of Negro spirituals, which brings the Lord Himself before the audience in the person of a Darkey preacher, develops two themes: In the first place, it presents the finest picture yet produced of the plantation Negro's concept of his religion and a beautiful and original representation of his spiritual depths and mental mannerisms. "Green Pastures" should, from this viewpoint, be of considerable interest to the sociologist. The play also brings us to the recognition of the fundamental kinship of all humanity in these souls who are now "just all lazy an' mean an' full of sin" and again who, like the symbolic figure Hezdril, are cheerfully ready to die for the merciful God.

The second theme developed is the adventure of Jehovah in creating man. Even in tracing the theological change from Retribution to Mercy, Connelly has kept out the sophistication of his own civilization; only in the last scene do we feel any of the white man's philosophy. These quotations are typical of this theme, and of the whole

(Continued on page four)

DANIEL'S GIFT

By Mary Ann Hebert

Another cold, starlit Christmas Eve had come to the Orphanage on the hill. The windows of the big gray stone building blazed with lights and there was unusual activity within the house. Wreaths and holly garlands swung above the doors and in the recreation room a huge log burned and crackled and glowed in Yuletide festivity. Around this fire was ranged a semi-circle of small children, listening wide-eyed and eager to the mystical story of the first Christmas. A little Sister of Charity was telling it. It was the same story which has remained new throughout all the centuries and which never fails to appeal to the most hardened listener.

"It was a terribly cold night in Bethlehem," said Sister. "Snow covered the ground and trees with its white mantel. The stars shone with extraordinary brilliance, and outshining all was that glorious star which led the shepherds and the wisemen to the Stable. We all know the story of the shepherds and the kings. But I wonder how many of us know the tale of that other visitor to the little new-born Saviour."

Wonderment and awe were registered on the faces of her listeners and Sister Grace proceeded to tell her story with true zest.

"Far over the Judean hills on that night, one lonely little boy watched over his father's scant herd of sheep. He was hungry, cold and tired, but he preferred the mountain to his own home where there was always quarreling and bitterness, and where a cruel step-mother beat him for any or no reason. Here under the stars he could at least dream to his heart's content of what lay out in the great, wide world. He was stretched in the tall grass on his back gazing up at the sky when suddenly a star flashed out at him with dazzling brilliance. It seemed to come straight down from heaven and to stop in a certain place. In fascination he watched it for a long time. It seemed to call to him and draw him toward itself. Finally the child could withstand it no longer. He leapt to his feet and ran down the hill, keeping his eye always on that glorious star. He came at last to the stable and standing in the open doorway he gazed on the sight within. He saw a kindly faced man kneeling in one corner with his head bowed in adoration. In the center of the poor little hut knelt a beautiful Lady clad all in spotless white, beside a rough log crib wherein lay the loveliest Baby imaginable. He was lying on His back with His eyes closed and His tiny hands folded. Around Him was a brilliant light and above Him choirs of

Acknowledgements

"Inter Nos" is happy to announce the following gifts received since our last publication:

From Mrs. E. L. Doheny a picture for each student, a picture of the death of St. Joseph, after the painting in St. Vincent's Church. The reverse of the card gives Cardinal Newman's prayer for a happy death.

From Mr. Frank Hamilton Spearman his latest book, "Spanish Lover," a soul-stirring picture of the Battle of Lepanto with its hero, Don John of Austria, written with Mr. Spearman's wonted picturesque vividness.

From Mr. J. Wiseman Macdonald, "A Vacation in the Scottish Highlands and Other Places." This book is all the more highly valued because of its being a private print, destined for the benefit of Mr. Macdonald's family and other descendants, whose rich inheritance of Scottish history is strikingly portrayed in these pages.

From Julia C. Walsh and Madge G. Walsh, "A Voyage toward the North Pole" by Captain Constantine John Phipps, published in 1773, a rare, quaint, but deeply scientific volume, which even an Admiral Byrd would treasure.

angels kept watch, singing heavenly music. Now the little shepherd boy knew nothing of the prophecies of a Redeemer who was to come, but as soon as his eyes fell on this Child, he knew that at last he had found that for which his hungry little heart had always longed. Instantly he fell on his knees and bowed his head. Looking up for a moment the lovely Lady chanced to see him there in the doorway. Quietly she beckoned him over to the crib, where the new born Infant lay amid some straw, scantily wrapped in old pieces of cloth. For some moments the shepherd child knelt in silent worship. Then suddenly he took off his old, much worn cloak of gray wool. Very gently he laid it over the sleeping child. As he did so, the Babe opened his eyes and flashed a loving, tender smile on the little boy. Almost overcome with joy, the little fellow went out into the night and started home. The next morning he was found in the snow, his small body blue and frozen, but on his face a smile of perfect peace and happiness."

Sister Grace looked around at the rapt faces of her audience as she finished and then said briskly, "Come now, children, we should have been in bed long ago. Santa Claus will soon be making his rounds and you must all be asleep when he comes.

Marsha's Sheep

(Continued from page one)

harshness and the realization of her own helplessness, Marsha hesitated. As she did so the Lady stretched out her hand and placed it on the untidy curls of the child, saying:

"Let He who is in heaven reward thee for thy generous offering."

At her touch, a feeling of awe enveloped the little girl and with a great sob, Marsha ran out into the night.

* * *

Five hours later, Jesus Christ was born in a crude shelter near Bethlehem. All heaven rejoiced; the angels announced the glad tidings to an earth which slept peacefully on, entirely oblivious to the Great Gift which was being given them. And while this miracle of love was taking place two human beings were wandering around the hills. Marsha, utterly fatigued from her search and frozen to the bone, wandered around looking for her scattered flock. The other, her father, unable to forget the incident that happened early in the evening, had gone out in search of his daughter whom he really loved in spite of the harsh way he sometimes treated her.

Completely exhausted, Marsha stumbled toward her destination—the sheep cave. As she neared it she was surprised to see it lighted from within—and looking through the hole which served as a window, Marsha saw the lady and man whom she had tried to help earlier in the evening. Between them on straw lay a tiny, beautiful baby and instinctively Marsha knew that she was looking upon the Messiah. But five hours of exposure to the weather was too much for the frail child and she sank to her feet in a dead faint just as her father came over the last hill. Rushing forward he seized her in his arms and quickly entered the stable. The strange light blinded him for an instant and then he beheld the woman and heard her say:

"Oh Haja with your daughter kneel and adore the Messiah."

Tearing his glance away, from the babe, he saw that the daughter whom he thought dead was alive and also gazing with awe and reverence at the tiny form in the manger. And with a sob of mingled gratitude and joy, Haja knelt with Marsha in adoration of the Christ-child.

A few minutes later she was tucking the boys into bed. As she leaned over little Daniel, the cripple, he whispered, "Sister, I wish I could give little Jesus something like that shepherd child did."

(Continued on page four)



The Green Pastures

(Continued from page two)

play and show the spiritual ideas and "angles" that the reader might glean from the play:

GOD: (Looking through the window) Look at'em dere. Squirmin' an' fightin' and bearin' false witness. Listen to dat liar, dere. He don' intend to marry dat little gal. He don' even love her. What did you say?

GABRIEL: Should I git mo' bolts?

GOD: Wait a minute. (He carefully points his finger down through the window.) I'm goin' to git dat wicked man myself. (From a distance comes an agonized cry "Oh Lawd!" God turns from the window.) No use gittin' mo' thunderbolts. Dey don't do de trick. It's got to be some-thin' else.

* * *

HEZDREL: an' Hosea never would a found what mercy was unless dere was a little of it in God, too. Anyway he ain't a fearsome God no no! Hosea showed us dat!

GOD: How do you s'pose Hosea found dat mercy?

HEZDREL: De only way he could find it!

GOD: How's dat?

HEZDREL: Through sufferin'!

DANIEL'S GIFT

(Continued from page three)

"If you are a good boy, Danny, that satisfies Him," she replied.

But that was not enough for Danny. Long after the lights had been put out and the other children were asleep, he lay gazing out the window, wondering what he could give to the Christ-child for Christmas. He must have fallen asleep finally, for he awoke with a start in the middle of the night to find that Santa Claus had already been there. On the chair by his bed were some of the toys he had wanted—a shining engine, a big airplane, and a book. Suddenly Danny had an inspiration. He sat up in bed and reached for his crutches. Then he managed to swing himself down to the floor. He gathered the toys under his arms and made his way slowly into the hall. Down its dark length he crept until he came to the tiny orphanage chapel. He pushed open the door with his crutch. Only the red sanctuary lamp burned in the midnight gloom. But over the little carboard stable near the altar glowed the star and there lay the Infant. Straight up the aisle limped Daniel and laid his shining new engine and his big airplane and his book

Honor Society Established

Mt. St. Mary's is becoming quite erudite. The latest indication of this commendable quality is the establishment of what is proudly termed "The Latin Literary Society," membership of which is entirely composed of those having scholarly ambitions and who are animated with an insatiable appetite for Classical research.

The activities of the society will consist of investigations into the more human aspects of Roman life—something which is ordinarily rendered impossible by the exigencies of curricular duty. Meetings will be held monthly in the quiet atmosphere of the "parlor" library, under the capable guidance of Sister Dolorosa.

The officers of the Society are: President, R. A. Heberger; Vice President, P. Pick; Secretary, F. Taylor.

F. Taylor.

Alumnae Notes

The Alumnae of Mt. St. Mary's has been directing attention to itself lately. Two of the members, notably Miss Dorothy Lieb and Miss Lillian May have entered the married state, and are now known as Mrs. Von Der Ahe and Mrs. Evans, respectively. The Student Body cherishes hopes for a long and happy married life to be enjoyed by each.

Note of Condolence

The sincere sympathy of the College is extended to Miss Therese McCann, Alumnae member, upon the occasion of the death of her mother, together with the assurance of a continued remembrance of her in its prayers.

by the crib. Then he knelt down and recited a little prayer. Suddenly the Child in the crib seemed to open His eyes and raising up His arms to Danny, He said:

"Thank you, Daniel. You have made me very happy. Now I will give you a gift. You have suffered long enough and you have been very patient. Tonight you are coming home with me where there is no more sorrow, suffering or cold."

The next morning when Sister Grace opened the chapel door, she found little Daniel beside the crib. He was dead. His toys lay at the feet of the Infant and his pale little face was lighted with a serene smile. One hand clutched the hand of the Babe and the other held to the hand of the Blessed Mother. Another child had gone home for Christmas. There would be no

In the Words of G. K. C., "I Object"

(Being Random Thoughts on Mexican Labor)

The September issue of "Sociology and Social Research" contains an article by William Albright, which has the inclusive title of *Opinions Concerning Mexican Immigrants*. The data of this article was gathered by High School and Junior College students of Flint, Michigan and concerns about a thousand Mexicans who have immigrated to that city in the past eight years. The opinions are those of laborers of other nationalities (non-American) who live among these people. It seems to me that an article so very limited in scope has no place in an international journal of Social Research. What possible conclusions can be drawn as to the laboring classes of so great a nation as Mexico by the consideration of one thousand persons located in one place?

The question of the Mexican Immigrant—his present condition and his prospects for the future—is a very vital one to the people of California. There is an indissoluble bond between Mexico and California which no amount of "Nordic supremacy" can wipe out.

Without a doubt the question of Mexican immigration requires more attention than it has had heretofore. Many Mexicans become social problems in this country through the injustice of American exploiters of labor who import these people for cheap labor, use them temporarily and then abandon them on this side of the border with no knowledge of English and an utterly inadequate education with which to successfully meet life in the United States.

It should be noted, in justice, of course, that the political situation in Mexico, making an unstable working condition, also sends many laborers into this country.

To the student of sociology, who is interested in this subject, is recommended 'Mexican Immigration to the United States' by Manuel Gamio. This book is an admirable text for the beginner, for it outlines a broad field of study and presumes to draw few conclusions. The author and his assisting staff spent one year under the guidance of the Social Science Research Council in gathering their material—human, documentary and geographic.

Joan Denoyer.

more suffering for little Daniel, the cripple. His gift had been accepted and he had received his reward.



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FACULTY SECTION

The Teacher as Engineer

Educational theorists have often compared the work of the teacher to that of the artist or craftsman. At first sight the analogy seems striking enough. The child is visualized as a block of marble, and the teacher as the sculptor who models the inert and plastic material into whatever form he desires. The only trouble with this attractive analogy is that it is false. The child is anything but a block of inert, plastic material, and no teacher worthy of the name attempts to impress his own character or ideas upon the children under his care.

Education should properly be regarded as a form of engineering. The engineer works not with the inert materials of the artist, but with dynamic forces which he attempts to harness in the interests of human welfare. Consider the development of a hydro-electric project. Civilized man has always been concerned with the destructive effects of season flood waters pouring from mountain sides into cultivated valleys below. His first attempts to deal with the problem have involved the construction of retaining dams which merely impound the descending water and hold it back. This procedure works unless the pressure of the impounded water becomes too great. Then the dam bursts and the damage is multiplied.

This possibility led to the construction of spillways through which the excess water could trickle away harmlessly. Next, this waste water was diverted into irrigation canals and some of its energy utilized. Finally with the development of hydro-electric power we see the complete transformation of potentially destructive energy into useful and helpful work.

The teacher is really concerned with essentially the same sort of problem. Human energies, undirected and uncon-

For March

St. Joseph, pattern of a humble and hidden life. St. Joseph, model for workmen. St. Joseph, guardian of the family. St. Joseph, exemplar of a happy death. St. Joseph, patron of the Universal Church.

What an amazing litany of virtues might we not chant when contemplating this glorious saint, and yet his story, as taken from the Sacred Text, is briefly told. If the verses of Scripture which mention St. Joseph were printed consecutively, the matter would fill little more than a page. He was indeed the hidden saint, a shadow in the background of the picture of the Infancy and Childhood of Jesus, a shadow cast by the Eternal Father.

This purest, holiest son of Israel, sanctified and set apart for the noblest work ever allotted to mortal man by the Almighty, guarded in his safe-keeping Mary, his Virgin Spouse, and Jesus, his God. For them he worked, and with them he prayed, rejoiced and suffered.

And as the Eternal Father's Son, increasing in age and grace, emerged with miracle and heavenly wisdom into the bright light of His Divinity, St. Joseph quietly vanished from the picture. His work accomplished, he bade goodbye to Jesus and Mary with his last supreme sacrifice echoing, "Fiat voluntas tua," as the Father called him home.

St. Joseph has left us no spoken word, yet his life is a book of wisdom—a book too full for the study of a life time—a book of contemplation for eternity.

Sister Mary Dolorosa

trolled are capable of, and frequently encompass, a vast amount of mischief. Unified and directed toward a common purpose they are capable of achievement only faintly foreshadowed by the

(Continued on page four)

Frank Spearman Interviewed

Arriving a few moments early for our appointment with the author of "Spanish Lover," we sat down to wait, taking chairs in line with the stairs that we might see our host make his descent into the room. We were quite surprised in a few moments to find ourselves gazing into the eyes of a man whom we knew to be seventy-one and who looked so very much younger.

Mr. Spearman consulted our pleasure as to the topic of the interview, and when we suggested that he choose his own subject—for we had heard he was a veritable mine of local historical lore—he began to talk informally upon the value of Catholic Education. He related in this connection an interesting fable of a dog who had found a bone, and holding it in his teeth as he ran along, came to the edge of a lake. Peering into the water he saw his reflection, but the water had magnified the size of the bone to such an extent that he dropped the original to pursue the phantom. The moral of this Mr. Spearman adroitly pointed out to us by comparing with it the feelings of a young woman upon graduation from high school, carrying in her hands the jewels of a Catholic education. Stopping, he laughed at having drawn an analogy between the canine species and the "sweet young graduate," but assuring us that he recognized the vast difference between the two, he went on to say that the young girl is attracted by the name and excitement of a big university and before she knows it has dropped her jewels in a lake of intellectual confusion and error. In this same connection he mentioned the fable of Narcissus.

The conversation revealed Mr. Spearman as an ideal "Catholic and gentleman." His manner is quiet but witty. Despite his seventy-one years he seems very sympathetic with the present age.

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INTER-NOS and the Student Body wish to extend their sincerest sympathy to Miss Paula Sullivan upon the loss of her dear father and wish her to know that the repose of his soul will be remembered in their prayers.

The Student Body is also sorry no longer to be able to number in its membership Miss Sullivan who has been with St. Mary's so long and loved it so well.

News from the East

Sister Agnes Bernard, that member of the faculty beloved by majors in the history department, who is spending a year at the Catholic University, was petitioned to send INTER-NOS a word of greeting or of wisdom, and like numerous other professors, she met the request with lamentations. Herewith, however, are printed excerpts from a letter addressed to the Editor, which will prove more intimate and perhaps more interesting to her friends than a formal article:

"I should like to extend to the entire Student Body greetings and all good wishes for their happiness throughout the year. I think of them, and pray for them frequently. Tell them so. Congratulate your editorial staff on INTER-NOS; it is most representative in every way."

The following words from a "dyed in the wool Easterner" are notable. "It is nice in Washington," she says, "and most picturesque; but what are the words of the song: 'California, California, the land of my dreams—where the mocking birds are singing, etc.'"

Frank Spearman Interviewed

(Continued from page one)

We asked him if he had ever been in an airplane.

"No, but when they are fool-proof I am going up," was the rejoinder.

After the interview he showed us his sunken garden of flowers, and the little outdoor shrine that has been built in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes by his Jesuit son.

And then it was time to leave—there were classes at school which compelled our attendance. He bade us a kindly good-bye, reminding us that we were privileged in being able to claim so fine a school as our Alma Mater. We carried

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Anita Arnold, Joan Denoyer,
Angela Hannin, Mary McNeil,
Frances McGoughran, Tillie Pellegrin

To the Faculty and the Student Body of St. Mary's Academy:

For six years Mt. St. Mary's College has been housed on the grounds of St. Mary's Academy. We have used your classrooms, your halls, your grounds, your auditorium, your chapel. Our presence here has without doubt denied the high school seniors many of their usual privileges. During these initial years, when the College student body was necessarily small, the Academy has given extraordinary and generous support to every project that we have attempted to "put over"—to our plays, our card parties, our commencement programs. It is true that the Academy during this time has had the advantages of a collegiate library and of a number of college instructors, but it does not even the score. Mt. St. Mary's owes St. Mary's Academy and her Alumnae a perpetual debt in gratitude.

And now upon the eve of our departure for the new campus, Mt. St. Mary's Student Body wishes through its publication, INTER-NOS, to extend formal thanks to the Academy for all it has done for us. As Dr. Woellner remarked at our ground breaking two years ago, paraphrasing the Scriptures, we have taken our rafters up onto a high place and whenever you raise your eyes to them, you may realize that your energy helped to fix them there.

As in the past, so we hope that in the future many of you will come to seek further education in the institution that you have aided in founding. We want you; we shall welcome you; and we wish to thank you.

Helen Shubert, Editor.

Paula Pick, Student Body President.

away with the flowers he gave us a bit of the quiet joy that fills the Spearman's home.

Angela Hannin
Anita Arnold



"The Thing"

"The Thing—Why I Am a Catholic" by Gilbert K. Chesterton is a group of spirited and brilliant essays on contemporary philosophy and religious beliefs. The great G. K. C., with inimitable humor, and clever paradoxes frankly examines the speeches and writings of the most eminent English and American lecturers and authors. Throughout, the author is the militant champion of the Catholic Church. The skill with which he handles the subject shows clearly that it is one which is very close to his heart.

In protest against the modern trend to drift from domesticity, Mr. Chesterton says of the relations of a child to its parent—"If Mr. Jones Sr. and Mr. Jones Jr. are two free and equal citizens, why should one citizen sponge on another citizen for the first fifteen years of his life? If the bright young thing can not be asked to tolerate her grandmother who has become something of a bore, why should the grandmother or the mother have tolerated the bright young thing at a period of her life when she was by no means bright? Why did they laboriously look after her at a time when her contributions to the conversations were seldom epigrammatic and not often intelligible? Why should Jones Sr. stand drinks and free meals to anyone so unpleasant as Jones Jr., especially in the immature phases of his existence? Why should he not throw the baby out of the window; or at any rate, kick the boy out of doors? It is obvious that we are dealing with a real relation which may be equality, but which certainly is not equality.

The defense of his choice of a religion is well brought out in his essay, "Why I Am a Catholic." In reply to the following remark made by a prominent Protestant to the effect that Britain is as Protestant as the sea is salt, Chesterton says:—"Is it possible that in comparing Protestantism to the salt of the sea they were haunted with some faint memories of another passage in which the same Author spoke of one single and sacred fountain that is of living water because it is of life-giving water and which quenches the thirst of

(Continued on page four)

"A Tale from Old Spain"

Periodically, the time-worn adage, "There is nothing new under the sun," is brought to light and quoted in support of a newly made discovery, fatal to some previously established reputation for originality.

Once again an occasion for its application has arisen upon the very interesting discovery of the fact, previously unknown to me, that Goethe, the author of "Faust," found the inspiration for his masterpiece in a philosophical drama, "El Mágico Prodigioso," written about the year 1637 by the Spanish playwright, Calderón. Pushing the matter to its source, after the modern method of historical research, it has been revealed that the Roman Martyrology has yielded the germ for "El Mágico Prodigioso" in the lives of Saints Cyprian and Justina, martyred in the year 304.

What Calderón found in the ancient record, briefly was this. St. Justina, a virgin of Antioch, and the daughter of a pagan priest, had become an ardent Christian, drawing with her many converts into the true fold. Her exceptional beauty, spiritual and physical, attracted many admirers, among them a noble youth of Antioch, who, failing in his suit, sought the aid of a famous magician, Cyprian. Upon beholding the girl, the latter, too, became enamoured of her, and had recourse to his darkest magic to tempt her from the paths of virtue, but Justina was ultimately victorious—so much so, that Cyprian subsequently became a Christian, and the two suffered martyrdom together by edict of the Emperor Diocletian.

From this little theme, found perhaps in casual readings, Calderón constructed a drama, delightful, and at the same time, moral and philosophical.

In the first stage of its evolution, it appeared thus. With the devil in the guise of a traveler as his adversary, Cyprian, an earnest student, engages in a deep philosophical argument concerning the existence of a Supreme Being. The outcome is a verbal vanquishment of the devil who resolves upon revenge, which he inflicts by causing the youth to fall prey to a passionate love for the virgin, Justina. Cyprian, finding himself unattractive to the girl, seeks the aid of a wonderful magician, unrevealed to him as the devil, and barter his soul in return for that of the girl. The devil, failing in his attempts to dis-

California this year celebrates the Sesqui-Centennial of the foundation of El Pueblo de Los Angeles. It recalls the days when Franciscan and vaquero could call this land of gold their own

Verdugo Valley

In a sunny spot
Of a Golden State,
There's a place where
Angels sing;
God's glory and wisdom are
All about,
And the songs of His
Children ring.
It's a tiny spot
Tucked back 'neath the hills,
Where nought but the
God may live;
It's a glorious spot
For Man to see
The rise of the morning sun,
The glitter of dew upon the hills
As the daily work's begun.
The flowering oak and
The sycamore
Dip low over laughing streams,
The wild fern blows in this garden spot
In this beautiful valley
Of dreams.

Mary Virginia Bryan

poil Justina of virtue, and consequently in his part of the bargain, sends to Cyprian a mere phantom of the girl, which upon contact proves itself to be a skeleton through whose mouth comes the moral of the play—"All the glories of the world are empty and vain." Perceiving his folly, Cyprian repudiates his contract, surrenders as a Christian, meets Justina in prison for a similar offence, and gains eternal happiness by the hand of the same executioner.

The original, of course, is presented with many embellishments of lyric verse, touches of humor from the stock-character servants, and some very fine speeches from hero and heroine, together with grudging admissions from the devil himself.

The second stage of evolution, "Faust," is all too familiar to bear repetition, more especially as it is substantially the same as the drama of Calderón.

Again the researcher's microscope has been applied to one of literature's heritages and a precious fragment of historic truth added to our present cherished collection.

Frances M. Taylor

The De Profundus Bell...

The twilight shadows glanced o'er Missions walls
Which harboured peace the world can never know;
Stillness reigned—her spell rent only by
The cricket's chirp, for all had turned to rest
Well earned, save one whose duty was to watch;
The padre, saying Vespers, paced the court—
Padre Miguel. Now tolled the Mission bell
With solemn note. Miguel, who lately prayed
A reverent De Profundus for the dead,
Responding in his fervent soul, breathed forth,
"To them, O Lord, eternal rest, Amen."

Frances M. Taylor

* * *

Mission San Juan Capistrano

Capistrano stands a wearied sentinel,
Hemmed in by shop and ugly town,
Relic of pastoral days that are gone.
Bells that spoke the daily patterns
Of the Indian shepherd's life,
Bells that Serra rang, exulting, joyous,
Now hang supine beneath the summer's dust.
In broken cloisters, in old quiet paths
Where the Fathers of St. Francis walked,
Now tread the alien and the curious.
Still the shell of faded glory speaks its purpose:
Above the door, written in stone, "Resurgam"—
The Eternal message of flight and hope.

Helen Shubert

LANDMARK IN HISTORY OF NEW COLLEGE

Eight members of Mt. St. Mary's consider themselves entitled to a justifiable pride on being the first students to receive instructions in the new college building on March 2, 1931. Sister Dolores's Greek class included: Mary McNeil and Frances Taylor; Sister Genesora's Constitutional Law class: Mildred Raedell, Angela Hannin, Helen Shubert, Joan Denoyer, Floretta White and Frances McGoughran.

"The Thing"

(Continued from page two)

men; while all other pools and puddles are distinguished from it by the fact that those who drink of them will thirst again. It is a thing that does occasionally happen to those who prefer to drink salt water."

In the same essay he defines a few of the beliefs of the Protestant sects—"Psycho-analysis is the confessional without the safeguards of the confessional; Communism is the Franciscan movement without the moderating balance of the Church; and the American sects, having howled for three centuries at the Popish theatricality and mere appeal to the senses, now "brighten" their services by super-theatrical films and rays of rose-red light falling on the head of the minister. If we had a ray of light to throw about, we should not throw it on the minister."

Probably Chesterton's chief literary characteristic is the sparkling wit with which he whets the arrows of his thought so that they may fly more swiftly and sink more easily into the minds of his readers. An example of this is shown in the following humorous jibe directed at the latest American anti-Catholic movement known as the Clan:—"And although the almost half-witted humor of the American society which would seem to consist entirely of beginning as many words as possible with **KL** has been rather appropriately toned down by a reaction of relative sanity, however, there is no doubt that there is still many a noble Nordic fellow going about hugging himself over the happy secret that he is a Kleagle or a Klemperor, long after everybody has ceased to klare a klam whether he is or not."

The Latin Literary Society held its regular monthly meeting last Tuesday afternoon. As these meetings are held not only for a social, but also educational purpose, three interesting talks were submitted by different members of the Society. In the topics "Fauna" and "Flora" were brought out the various species of animal and plant life existing in the early days of Rome. The exact scientific description in minute detail of the city of Rome was clearly established through the subject "Topography."

After light refreshments had been served by a committee of four, the meeting adjourned.

P. Pick

Social News

The evening before Valentine's day was the occasion of an informal but delightful party given to the Student Body by the Senior class under the leadership of Miss Anne Conroy, the Senior President. There was dancing and refreshments and a Valentine box; the party was held at school and the decorations were in red and white.

* * *

SORORITY ROW

Sorority Row welcomes a newcomer, Kappa Delta Chi. The charter members include Mary Angela Hannin, President; Angela McCormick, Vice-President; Betty Meade, Secretary; Elizabeth Mercola, Treasurer; Paula Sullivan, Evelyn Hughes, Alicia Hannin, Va Jean Norton, Anita Arnold and Dorothy Arnerich.

* * *

TAU ALPHA ZETA

Rush week was initiated by a musical tea at the home of Sylvia Edwards, Feb. 8th; rush weeks guests were again entertained at a Valentine Bridge party at the home of Mary McDevitt.

* * *

Tau Alpha Zeta is pleased to announce as pledges, Rose Alice Wills, Mary Ann Hebert and Margaret Hoffmann. The formal preference dinner was given at the Arcady Apartment-Hotel on Feb. 17th.

M. McD.

* * *

GAMMA SIGMA PHI

The spring rush period of the Gamma Sigma Phi ended in the formal pledging, which was held at the Pollyana Tea Room on Jan. 31. The Sorority takes pleasure in announcing as pledges the Misses June Ashby and Anna Reed.

In observance of Founder's Day Gamma Sigma Phi met at the home of Miss Ellen McLaughlin Sunday, Feb. 22. An interesting program was given to celebrate the first anniversary of the Sorority.

E. McL.

KAPPA DELTA CHI

Kappa Delta Chi, which recently held its announcement tea in the Wedgewood room in the Town House, takes pleasure in announcing as pledges the Misses Alice Corbell, Agnes Deiner, Madeleine O'Connor, Clementine Fisher and Lucille Matulich.

The pledges were attractively entertained during rush week with a bridge

(Continued from page one)

conquests of applied science during the past three centuries.

It is interesting to note that the evolution of educational procedures has followed closely the order of development of hydro-electric power. Education was first regarded as a means of controlling children's behavior through repression. "Children should be seen but not heard"; "Spare the rod and spoil the child"; these are typical of primitive notions. But it soon became apparent that complete repression is psychologically and socially dangerous. Revolt and revolution are its natural consequences. Then came the notion of sublimation, a process much in favor with the psychoanalysts. Briefly it means the harmless diversion of energy which might otherwise prove harmful. It is a sort of psychic spillway. Harm is avoided, but nothing useful accomplished. It is probably no mere coincidence that the next stage, the idea of education as a process for the harnessing and directed release of dynamic human energies along socially useful lines, should have emerged at the very time that engineering technique achieved an almost unparalleled control over natural forces.

The teacher, then, is best regarded as a social engineer. The forces with which he works are the innate drives of men. His control techniques are formed in the social patterns, the customs, beliefs, traditions and the laws which have made civilization what it is.

Marvin L. Darsie, Ph. D.
Department of Education.

To one of our best loved and talented school-mates we wish to tender our utmost appreciation for her untiring work in helping to make "The Garden of Paradise" a success. By inadvertence her name was omitted from the program. The dramatic classes in particular wish in this way to thank Miss Rose Alice Wills.

tea at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel on Feb. 11th, at which twenty-six guests were present, with a dinner in the quaint Lido room of the Knickerbocker Hotel on Thursday evening, and with the Preference dinner at the Town House on Tuesday evening, Feb. 17th.

B. M.



INTER-NOS



LIBRARY

ANGELES

JUNE 1, 1931.

VOL. V. NO. 4.

Mt. St. Mary's College

McGroarty Says "Go Washington"

"If you wish to give the students at Mt. St. Mary's a message from me, say that I exhort them as Catholic, American citizens to take an active and leading part in the nation-wide Bi-Centennial that is to be celebrated next year in honor of Washington's birth."

This was the theme of an hour's delightful conversation with John Steven McGroarty in the Biltmore Salon the other day. We settled down to talk, expecting to build castles in Spain or at least to hear the Padres ringing their mission bells, but that idea was promptly exploded.

"I've talked about missions for twenty years. People will begin to think that's all I can talk." With that he practically dismissed the subject that has brought both him and California world-wide fame for a lively discussion of his latest dramatic project. A commission of the Washington Society, made up of the state governors and of the presidents of the American universities, has just chosen Mr. McGroarty out of the nation's playwrights to go back to the headquarters of the Society at Alexandria, Virginia, to write and direct a pageant-drama of George Washington's life. Incidentally, this article is the first press notice of the event. It's a scoop. Even *The Times* hasn't carried the news yet. For once in its struggling career, INTER-NOS is "first with the latest."

How happy he was to undertake such a piece of work was patent. Ever since he was a lad in a Pennsylvania country school Washington, he says, has been the object of his hero-worship, and in his eyes is still without any exception the foremost character in American History. For years he has been studying his life. Recently he found in the records of Valley Forge that one of his own forebears—a James McGroarty—had been in the General's personal body guard and that at the strategic siege of Stony Point another

(Continued on page three)

I have lifted my eyes to the mountains,
From whence help shall come to me.
Psalm CXX.

* * *

Mount Saint Mary's

Would you live in a house of pure content
On an ever verdant hill,
A house where earnest and noble intent
Is to do the Master's will?

Where learning and joy go hand in hand
Thro' opening portals of life,
And clear, sweet tones of a nightingale
Smother the city's strife? (band
Where fleeting clouds in their azure skys
Like sail boats on parade

Remind us of hope that never dies
And of faith that is unafraid?
Where music and study, laughter and song
Go into the work of the day.

The strong are made humble, the weak
(made strong,

And all are taught to pray.
Would you live in this beautiful school of
With a faith that never varies? (ours
Then join with us as we start upon life
From the hills of Mount Saint Mary's.

M. V. B.

* * *

May Offering

We kneel at your feet,
Holy Mary,
O fairest one,
Mother of God,
And beg of thee
Pray for us sinners.
Then pleading we ask thee again,
Pray for us sinners, dear Mother,
Now and at death's hour, Amen.
S. M. D.

Alumnae Notes

Miss Scannell of the Class of '28 is teaching in one of the grammar schools of San Fernando.

Miss Therese McCann announced her engagement to Lane Guthrie at a recent meeting of Tau Alpha Zeta of which she is a member. A delightful supper with rose decorations made the occasion one of unusual note.

Faculty Section

NEGLECTED ELEMENTS IN THE ART CONCEPT

There are certain definite and important elements in an adequate conception of art which are too frequently neglected in current theory and practice. The following neglected elements seem sufficiently numerous and significant to accomplish the purpose set before us—to widen and to deepen the art concept. Let us examine each one of them with a minimum of respect for anything but this objective.

In the first place, whatever art may be one is apt to forget its chief element, aptly described in the much-abused word—dynamic. The common definition of art fails to provide for its own enlargement. It points to status already achieved or possible of achievement, instead of in terms of process—an ever becoming. The ever-changing world and constantly changing self require a definition of art ever in the making. New elements must needs be included from time to time. The art concept must continue to be sufficiently flexible to include more and more. A dynamic art concept is always disturbing to academic schools of art, period supremacy, fixed principles of design and color as well as consistency.

In the second place, the art concept must include an enlarging point of view. One may readily inquire, How beautiful is one artistic corner in an ugly house? In like manner how beautiful is an artistic suburb in an ugly city? A little reflection upon such issues leads one "to see big." Such vision develops an evangelical urge to bring it to pass. Nothing is beautiful until all is beautiful. Restricted art becomes an antithesis.

The story is told of one woman who gave her life's savings to a priest soliciting funds for a great cathedral in France. Moved by her piety and sacrifice, he requested her name to be placed, no doubt, upon the walls of the cathedral. Her response needs to be studied by the artist as well as the theologian:

(Continued on page three)

"Yes, my son; and I suspect that when you grow up you will become a taxicab driver."

Faculty Section

(Continued from page one)

"You needn't mind about the name! God knows me well."

She saw big. She saw "in toto." I wonder if every other detail in the building of that cathedral was as unimpeachable as this woman's conception and deed! A cathedral could not be a real work of art unless every element (within and without, human and materialistic) which entered into its composition was dominated by the beautiful. And the cathedral is no more bound by these considerations than is any other factor in our civilization. Beauty is everything or nothing.

In the third place the art concept and the concept of religion are almost coincidental. Christianity as one manifestation of religion, is growing beyond mere considerations of rights and duties. It presents a picture of the beautiful life. The "Jesus way" as depicted in the Sermon on the Mount rests upon the beatitudes—the beautitudes: principles of artistic living. Other religions, to a greater or less degree, more or less consciously, struggle more for the beautiful than for the good. The reason is obvious—the beautiful life is the largest conception of life. It is beyond good and evil. It is greater than any of its parts.

Art and religion are the two loci of one eclipse. The one locus complements the other. Art saves religion from the absurdities and extremes to which it would otherwise go—the overemphasis upon morals, the introversion and the unseen. Religion saves art from the extremes to which it easily degenerates—nudity before the vulgar, mathematical determination of form and line, irresponsibility. For the wholesome development of art and religion, one must act as a restraint upon the other. From this functional point of view art and religion tend to coincide in a newer and loftier conception of the beautiful.

In the fourth place, the art concept must include the Ruskin theory of use, but with an emphasis upon the useful not included in his theory. "The beautiful is the useful" must not mean that only the narrowly pragmatic can have beauty. It must mean that art is inherent and not additional. One must not build a house and then add something to beautify it. One must carry art conceptions into every detail of the structure. Art is not limited

to trimmings and may finally eliminate all trimming. The useful in art must mean, then, the intrinsic and inherent values.

In the last place, the art concept must be increasingly personalized. Man is at the center of art. He is the final check upon its values. In the January, 1920, number of Harper's, Professor Gilbert Murray speaks of the "Censure within us," which not only acts as conscience in the moral realm, but also as judge between the beautiful and the ugly in the aesthetic. The two essential thoughts of Professor Murray can be incorporated here: Man is born with an aesthetic sense; the aesthetic sense of man is more dependable in judging values than any objective standards. The censure within us determines what is beautiful or ugly, good or bad. It is a dependable check upon extreme variations, especially self-expression of a sort that has become the nightmare to the thinkers of our modern world.

The "feeling that it seems beautiful" is the art censure within us. The world about us was being continually recognized according to the demands of that feeling. That feeling tends to develop greater sensitivities and appreciations. The objective world tends to influence and condition that feeling. Art is the interplay between that feeling and the world to adjust themselves to each other. Art is personalized as it employs that adjustment as a basic principle.

Fredric P. Woellner, Ph. D.

AN APPRECIATION OF BROTHER LEO'S "REALMS OF GOLD"

"Solitude is the price of greatness." These words of Brother Leo return to us as a stirring challenge, for we realize that they come from a man who knows. Why one should have to go apart from the world to learn of its end and beauty is a mystery we all have met and fought with and found uncompromisingly true. One feels that Brother Leo has discovered this truth also and consequently, he has often been quite alone.—Yet not entirely, so. There are his "Realms of Gold." To him beauty is an old friend whom he knows in her every form and in her every habitat. By the charm of his smile and with the tips of his eloquent fingers he tells us this as he speaks of human understanding ages old and of laughter of a thousand shades.

Anne Reid.

McGroarty Says "Go Washington"

(Continued from page one)

ancestor—John McGroarty—was the fourth man in the single file of infantry that advanced upon the fort. He called to our attention, too, the interesting fact that through all his campaigns a bullet never hit Washington. Horses were shot out from under him, men killed at his side, but by virtue of Divine Providence, it would seem, he was never so much as scratched.

The centering of national popular attention for a year upon a man, who may be deemed the epitome of stability, in a decade of radicalism, social and economic unrest, McGroarty believes will have a healthy effect on American political life. The educative and patriotic motivation behind all his literary and dramatic work is quite evident. He stressed and restressed to us his desire that our College not only make a contribution to next year's celebrations, but to identify ourselves ostensibly as well as silently with any patriotic activity designed to vitalize American citizenship.

He suggested for instance that INTER-NOS popularize Owen Wister's "Seven Ages of Washington" on the campus and that we engage in the tree-planting program which is to form part of the Bicentennial and which it is hoped will restore to America some of the forest beauty of Revolutionary days.

Mr. McGroarty faithfully promised that if we did our part, he would officiate next spring at whatever tree-planting ceremonies we might have.

Many other things were spoken of during our interview—history, education, the new campus. There were stories and bits of wit, which space prevents recording here—all except his parting admonition "to go Washington next year."

Helen Shubert.

Frances Taylor.

Why Day-Students Leave School

The following leaf, surreptitiously abstracted from the diary of a certain Junior, may serve to elucidate to the satisfaction of her associates, especially those of sociological tendencies, some unwonted and otherwise inexplicable phenomena of her character.

I stood on the corner waiting for the
(Continued on page four)

Why Day-Students Leave School

(Continued from page three)

type of transportation furnished by the Los Angeles Railway Company for five unusually long minutes. It assumed the proportions of ten minutes—fifteen. At last! One actually made a timid and hesitating appearance in the distance, but as it approached the conductor pulled down his detestible little sign, "Take Next Car!" Five more minutes lapsed before another yellow vision darkened the horizon, and this time the conductor deigned to stop. I majestically mounted the steps in high dudgeon, fired a token at the conductor, consequently missing the box, and gloated all the way to Crenshaw over the sight of the unoffending conductor pursuing a silly little token in its circuitous route across the car floor. Signals were singularly adverse, and motorists more than usually perverse in maintaining a dignified gait over the area proper to the street car, so that by the time we arrived at Crenshaw, "Mt. St. Mary's Special" was speeding through the intersection, and my prospects of enjoying an enforced holiday were growing more healthy with the passage of every moment. With brief-case in one hand and lunch-bag in the other, I tore madly after the bus, waving the aforementioned lunch and vociferating all sorts of imprecations on the head of Marceline with a total lack of capacity to understand why the tail lights of several superannuated Model-T Fords and 1920-Hudsons, seriously threatening to restage at any moment the trick peculiar to the "One Hoss Shay," should have such a terrible fascination for him to the total exclusion of the scene of human anguish which I was at the moment enacting. But fortunately, after sacrificing every title to the dignified mien of a college woman by rivaling Ichabod Crane in a frantic flight in the wake of a plebian bus, my unusual antics caught the eye of a pitying school-mate. Marceline was prevailed upon to pause momentarily, I made a second ungraceful entrance into a vehicle, and retired to an unoccupied corner to nurse my wrongs and deplore the state to which present-day transportation facilities, or lack of them, had brought us.

My arrival at the school was attended by no marked improvement in disposition, and I started out with intentions of venting superabundant energy on the librarian as an object most likely not to retaliate, and ended by verifying the state-

Random Thoughts About Departing Seniors

A shallow brain behind a Senior's mask,
An oracle within an empty cask,
The solemn fop; significant and budge;
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge.
Shakespeare.

DIFFERENT SIGHT

Those venerable Doctors saw of old,
When all who dwelt within these famous walls

Led in abstemiousness a studious life;
When in forlorn and naked chambers
cooped
And crowded, o'er the ponderous books
they hung

Like caterpillars eating out their way
In silence, or with keen devouring noise
Not to be tracked or fathered. Princes then

At matins froze, and couched at curfew-time,
Trained up through piety and zeal to prize
Spare diet, patient labor, and plain weeds.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—
farwell.

Byron.

ment of the cynic who observed that all floors look alike. I, accordingly, climbed three flights of stairs, but finding no library, retraced two—still no library. I again climbed one, but having relapsed into morose meditations once more, again miscalculated. Determined to begin from the bottom and do the thing right, I headed towards the elevator, pushed the button and awaited results. Its prompt arrival occasioned the discovery that it was not the elevator—but the dumb-waiter—followed by the wiser conclusion that a "dumber-waiter" had pushed the button.

Having begun the day badly, I finished according to form. Further blunders consisted of an untimely entrance into the inner sanctum of the kitchen, followed by a calamitous pilgrimage towards the chapel pursued through the cloistered regions of the hall, and the taking of some kodak pictures which rivalled the cubists' masterpieces, being some of those dizzy combinations of angles and lines, equally indistinguishable from any perspective.

And now, contrary to all the laws of composition and averages, I'm not going to say, "And then the alarm-clock woke me up," or "Bug-House Fables!" Just wait until you miss the bus some morning,

Sorority Row

TAU ALPHA ZETA

New members of Tau Alpha Zeta include Miss Rose Alice Wills, Miss Frances Taylor, Miss Mary Ann Hebert and Miss Margaret Hoffmann. Informal initiation at Hermosa Beach the week-end of April 18th, was followed by formal initiation at the Pollyana Tea Room the evening of April 20th.

Recent election of officers of the sorority resulted in the following selection: President, Miss Adelaide Boeller; Treasurer, Miss Sylvia Edwards, and Secretary Miss Mary McDevitt.

M. McD.

GAMMA SIGMA PHI

A beautiful boat ride to Catalina, swimming and dancing on the island and a return by moonlit water proved enjoyable entertainment to the members of Gamma Sigma Phi and their friends, Sunday, May 17.

Installation of officers in the Gamma Sigma Phi Sorority took place May 8. Miss Barbara Letts was installed as President, Miss Ellen McLaughlin as Vice-President, Miss Florence Conway as Secretary, Miss Helen McCarter as Treasurer and Miss Elvira Olvera as Chaplain.

F. C.

KAPPA DELTA CHI

The initiation of Kappa Delta Chi was held at Balboa Isle, Balboa, Saturday and Sunday, May 16 and 17. The members of the Sorority endeavored to make the week-end a most exciting and interesting one for the pledges. The formal initiation dinner followed at "Sala de Oro" of the Biltmore Hotel, Wednesday evening, May 20.

B. M.

The proceeds from the Annual Garden Fete, which totaled some \$2,000, St. Mary's Academy has given to the Mary Chapel Fund. Mt. St. Mary's wishes the Academy to know how deeply we appreciate both the gift and the untiring effort upon the part of both faculty and girls that was expended in making the Fete a success. Such a gift as that brings appreciably closer the day when the Chapel will be a beautiful reality, crowning the summit of our campus.

and see if you will smile sweetly and say "Oh well, I have had only five cuts for that three unit course. I should be both-ered!"

A Junior Who Knows.

INTER-NOS

VOL. VI., No. 4

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, NOVEMBER 13, 1931

Brother Leo Sends Greetings to Inter-Nos

The Lure of the Classics

Have you ever heard the call of the woods in early spring, when the violets were peeping from their hiding place of warm green leaves, and the trailing arbutus enticed you with its delicate, elusive fragrance?

Have you ever followed the path of mystery beneath the low spreading branches of gold and scarlet leaves in early autumn? Lifting aside the fallen branches which bar the entrance to the friendly glen, have you trailed the brook to its mossy basin, and sitting beside it in quiet peace, have you learned to hold communion with your own soul?

If so, you have called to life your imagination, you have spurred to action the keenness of your vision; you have prepared your spirit for the lure of the classics with their vistas of beauty, with their mystery and charm, with a joy of new interests which comes with each field of discovery.

In yielding to the lure of the classics, we hear the call of archaeology, and learn the charm of Ilium, of Mycenae, of Pompeii; we hear the songs of Homer, and the Lesbian poets; we sound the depths of Socrates and Plato.

In *Alcestis*, Euripides shows the gentle mother and mistress—

I loved her as my mother, so did
all the slaves.

And again:

Her children clinging to their mother's
robe
Were weeping; taking in her arms, she
kisses
The two in turn, as though about to die.
And all the servants wept throughout
the halls
Pitying their mistress, and she gave her
hand
To everyone; not one was there so base
But she did greet him, and by him was
hailed.

Sophocles in *Antigone* shows a soul making its choice between the law of
(Continued on Page 3)

INTER-NOS has been signally honored by this article from Brother Leo. The only regret is that his famous signature cannot be reproduced, so compensation has been made by publishing, not only his contribution, but the entire letter.

October 9, 1931.

My dear Miss Taylor:

Allow me to thank you for your thoughtfulness in sending me a copy of your interesting publication INTER-NOS, and to offer you the following paragraph as my weak but cordial contribution to your magazine.

The college without a magazine is like a house without windows. Some truly famous people have lived in houses practically without windows, for the ancient Athenians were decidedly famous people and, in private residences, they had few or no apertures for the admission of light. Normally, however, windows are recognized as necessary in human dwellings; and so is a magazine recognized as desirable in a college. No student before her graduation can possibly realize how much a college magazine is going to be to her after her graduation. And no harassed magazine editor will ever understand the extent of satisfaction which some outside readers—perhaps a cripple in the hospital or one of Sir James M. Barrie's old ladies—derive from pages reflecting the form and the colors of college life.

Inter nos let me say that the college magazine idea is a good idea. It is charity that begins at home.

With most cordial good wishes for your personal success and the prestige of the magazine, I am

Very truly yours,

BROTHER LEO.

Future Interview

Since anticipation is reputed to be as gratifying as realization, the following little note is revealed for the purpose of affording INTER-NOS readers the utmost pleasure to be derived from the event, both in prospect and retrospect.

October 10, 1931.

Dear Miss Taylor:

It's very difficult for me to give you an interview at this moment. I am

(Continued on Page 2)

President's Message

For the occasion of the first appearance of INTER-NOS in the Fall Semester, I would say a word of encouragement to the editors and business managers, whose cheerful fidelity in the cause of Journalism, no less than in that of school spirit, makes the paper an actuality.

To the Student Body at large, I would urge whole-hearted support of a project that brings credit to the college. I would urge that so many voluntary contributions be sent in, that the editor's waste basket would not hold the rejected manuscripts. I would urge, above all, that no student should be counted as an outsider, when the list of subscribers is posted. Show toward INTER-NOS the whole-hearted cooperation for which you are noted, and which is one of the greatest factors in making history for Mount Saint Mary's College.

SISTER MARGARET MARY.

To the Members of Mt. St. Mary's Student Body:

The year has sped so far along its way as to make a note of welcome inappropriate. Rather, I wish to make a sort of declaration of policy and to elicit your support towards its realization as a definite step in the progress and expansion of our College.

The key-note of that policy should be a spirit which we may share with those pioneers who crossed and recrossed the hills adjacent to our campus in the name of the Christian Faith. Its strength will determine the vitality of every undertaking.

Let us direct our enthusiasm first into the channel of *self-government*, for the individual responsibility and control which it entails produces a lasting strength and loyalty. *Athletics*, too, deserve our cooperative support. The effect of sportsmanship and athletic

(Continued on Page 3)



EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor F. Taylor
 Asst. Editor M. A. Hebert
 News Editor C. Kelly
 Social Editor M. Cramer
 Business Manager L. Anselmo

FEATURES

H. Shubert, C. Kelly, F. White
 M. A. Hebert, M. E. Lamb

Editorial Comments

Methinks that the proverbially stingy Scotchman might well stand as an example of generosity beside the parasitic student who complains about the quality of INTER-NOS, and then borrows a copy in lieu of a subscription costing \$1.00 per year.

* * *

A Catholic student writes to the FORUM of a Catholic paper, stating that she is being educated in a secular college, and finds pitfalls to her belief, not in lecture-hall conferences, but in student conversations where the tenets of her Faith are regarded as mild curiosities. When seeking subject-matter for daily meditations, why not devote a few moments to gratitude, not only for what you are receiving at Mount Saint Mary's, but for the safeguards which surround its reception?

* * *

"It's an ill wind . . .," says the proverb. Who knows—in years to come some erstwhile student of Mount Saint Mary's, having achieved noteworthy success in the world, may in her memoirs look back to school days, and credit a small portion of her attainment to the powers of concentration, cultivated in an effort to fathom the intricacies of "Hamlet" en route to school on the College bus.

* * *

Bragging is, of course, odious. But did it ever occur to you that there is a certain justifiable amount which can effect incalculable good in given circumstances? Just suppose you brag a little about Mount Saint Mary's to your friends—its location—type of girl—interest of teachers in individual welfare—courses—home atmosphere—ad infinitum. Prosit!

* * *

To those pseudo-students who think that a Chaucer class is an introduction to "English As She Is Spoke," the aforementioned class extends an invitation to audit a sample hour some Tuesday or Thursday afternoon. Don't be surprised if you accidentally learn the fasci-

nating history of some common English words which have wandered into our tongue from German, French or Old Anglo-Saxon, and find yourself charmed by Chaucer's genial humour, wholesome satire and general warmth and reality of character.

* * *

A certain lower-division student of Horace's Odes naively inquires whether there is any relation between "Horace" and "horoscope." Horace has become famous, but hardly by the perpetuation of his name in this connection.

* * *

If the question, "Are library books on the reference shelf ever to be taken from the room?" were incorporated in an intelligence test, I wonder how many, if any, would hazard the answer, "no!"

* * *

It is a perfectly legitimate practice to cultivate the hobby of keeping a "Memory Book." There are, however, only certain things which are appropriate for preservation in this manner, and a uniform isn't one of them—yet the absence of this necessary article of equipment on a number of persons would lead one to believe that there is some motive of this sort back of it all.

* * *

November has been officially designated by the Church as the most appropriate time to succor the Souls in Purgatory. She has further provided the means by enabling us to offer the merits of our prayers, particularly the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and of our sufferings to shorten the time of atonement being made by those having died with the stains of sin yet on their souls. Given the time and the means, it merely remains for us to avail ourselves of them.

F. M. T.

FUTURE INTERVIEW

(Continued from Page 1)

working at present, and as usual too hard, to have any free time to give you. As soon as I finish this picture I will be leaving town. If, when I return, you are still interested, I advise you to communicate with the publicity department at the studio, as I'm not allowed to give any interviews that are not arranged by them.

Wishing your magazine all the success in the world, as well as you personally, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

RAMON NAVARRO.

Ex Libris

Shadows on the Rock

Reviewed by Helen Shubert

Of many recent books it has been said by the admirers of Realism: "This book offers us a cross-section of life." Willa Cather's latest work, "Shadows on the Rock" does this in a surpassing degree. It presents not merely a static reconstruction of life in early Quebec, but permits us to accompany a group of its sturdy countrymen as they labor day on day in the sun and the snow of New France.

The charm and attraction of the book eludes analysis. It is not a novel—there is no plot. Rather, is it a social history, composed with almost Grecian artistic discrimination and told with saga strength and simplicity. She describes a sunset thus: "The sun became a half-circle, then a mere red eyebrow, then dropped behind the forest, leaving the air clear blue, and much colder, with a pale lemon moon riding overhead."

As one watches Monsieur Auclair, the widowed apothecary to Count Frontenac, unpacking his shipments of French medicines or reading Plutarch with his daughter, Cécile, after dinner, or as one sees Cécile gallantly keeping the household patterns of her mother, one realizes that tranquillity is the fabric of their lives—tranquillity in exile for the father. One marvels that in a story of such local intimacy Willa Cather has contrived to fasten the whole psychology of the French colonial system. One must pay tribute to her scholarship as well as to her narrative ability.

The title, too, eludes explanation, but as the pages of the book are turned, one senses its appropriateness. The shadows that fall upon the rock—Kebec, may be of the builders of French Empire—Frontenac, Breboeuf, Laval, or perhaps the pictures of old customs—*les coutumes*—that have survived the catastrophe of conquest.

Miss Cather's treatment of the French faith is amazing in its accuracy and understanding. It strikes one as an understanding rising from a deeper source than sympathy. She incorporates a degree of romance in her picture of the Canadian ascetic—Jeanne Le Ber, but stops well short of sentimentality,

(Continued on Page 4)

Gleanings

Ordinarily the "Gleaner" goes about gathering the monthly harvest from little grains of truth and fiction about the campus, but this time that investigative personage became enamored of one of Owen Coy's California series, "The Great Trek," and the usual gossip paled into an ignominious background beside such tales of real life as these, in which the volume is rich.

The monotony of that long journey across the country, in search of the fabulous golden treasure of distant California, was not infrequently broken by the appearance of mirages which readily made an impression on imaginations already inflamed by tales of the marvelous. Swaying palms, splashing waves, and country villas often lured weary travellers to a cruel death. Edwin Bryant writes fascinatingly of a phantom scene in Utah which he supposed to be a troop of men under the leadership of Captain Fremont. The spell was broken, however, when he discovered that the leader of the band bore a peculiar resemblance to himself, and when watched closely, went through the same antics which he purposely had performed.

Primitive surgery afforded a full measure of chills and horror. One hardy traveller, having discharged the contents of his gun into his arm, was advised by companions to submit to an amputation. The sufferer, however, was reluctant, and clung to the injured member until gangrene rendered the case hopeless in the eyes of his friends. Merely to gratify the wishes of a dying man, the operation was finally performed, the "case of instruments" consisting of a butcher's knife, a saw and a bolt. With the knife the flesh was quickly cut, the bone severed with the saw, and the bolt, made hot, closed the arteries. The patient recovered rapidly, and was soon pursuing the regular routine of prairie life.

The Prairie Postal Service rivaled the early surgery in quaintness. Papers and notes were left by parties for those who would follow; yet the frequent absence of suitable writing materials led to the use of the bleached jaw bones of dead animals, affording a smooth and adequate space for pencil writing. The note, when written, was placed in a heap of stones, or hung upon a tree designed to attract attention.

A side-line observer would note a vast difference in caravans, which offered as

much contrast in appearance and equipment as do men in the parade of life. And here crops out the old Scotch instinct. A Scotchman was making his way trundling a wheelbarrow. When asked why he had failed to ally himself with a company, he replied, "Na, na, mun, I ken ye'll all brak doon in the mountains, sa I'll gang along mysel'."

F. M. T.

LURE OF THE CLASSICS

(Continued from Page 1)

nature and a tyrannical human law, which has forbidden her to give sepulture to her brother. Antigone's defense follows:

Nor did I deem these edicts of such force
That they a mortal's bidding should o'er
ride
Unwritten laws, eternal as the heavens.
Not of today or yesterday are they
But live from everlasting.
I would not for the breach of these
To Heaven atone.

An ancient's view of immortality is given in this epigram of Collemachus:

Here Dicon's son, Acanthean Saon lies
In sacred sleep; say not a good man dies.

Again in Cicero's *Tusculan Disputations* we find:

No one without a strong hope of
immortality would ever offer him-
self to death for his country.

Pliny's description of the disastrous eruption of Vesuvius in 79 B. C. is interesting to the archaeologist, and also to the tourist who plans to visit the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii. How vividly this letter brings to our mind the strange cloud, the growing darkness, the uncertainty and increasing terror, the flashing fires, the jostling crowd in flight, the mutual devotion of son and mother. This letter, written hundreds of years ago, certainly makes a visit to Pompeii something more than an idle satisfying of tourist curiosity.

But I hear the editors of *Inter Nos* tapping their editorial foreheads and thundering "*Inter-Nos* has only four pages. How can we spare so many columns for this talk of the classics?" And if they are in a very bad humor, they may add this translation of a Greek light verse:

Our temples throb, our pulses boil.
We're sick of Epic, Ode and Ballad.
To Thyrsis, take the midnight oil
And pour it on a lobster salad.

S. M. D.

Moon Magic

Against the low horizon,
And through a misty summer haze,
There leaps a bit of moon
Ragged as the edge of a beggar's cloak.
And flung in sheer abandon
Within its softened rays of light
Are crystal sparks of quivering beauty
That men call stars.

And on the earth
The half-suspended lantern of the night
Elucidates to jade-like clearness
Blades of summer grass.
There, through the grass, my fingers
Chase the scurrying ground bugs
As they furrow deep
Into the soft warm soil.
And as I lie content, and
In a mood quite fanciful,
I wish I might explore those queer val-
leys

And jagged humps upon the moon.
Or, if that may not be so—
Then, I wish that I might have a star
(Just a very little star)
That I might call my own;
That I might cast into the tall green
grass;
That I might drip into a limpid pool
of blue water;
That I might have to guide me down
the years
Whose winding path stretches so far—
away.

Catherine Kelly.

TO STUDENT BODY

(Continued from Page 1)

competition on student-body life requires no explanation. And third—I place it last only by way of emphasis—there should be enthusiasm in *creative scholarship*. It is for this that the College exists, and it is upon the quality of that scholarship that our College stands in the estimation of educators.

If these words lack novelty for you, they do not lack sincerity, and with them I pledge my time and my energy toward the accomplishment of your plans. Will you pledge your support in these three things for the advancement of Mt. St. Mary's?

HELEN V. SHUBERT,
Student Body President.

Random Thoughts of a Modern Traveler Upon Seeing Ancient Rome

We travel long distances to behold lofty mountains. We raise our eyes toward them wherever they can be seen, and whatever they may be, glaciers or volcanoes, snow-capped peaks or rocky sierras. When we hear of a famous mountain such as the Rigi, the desire to go and see it immediately seizes us, and whilst gazing from below at its imposing majesty, a yet stronger desire to climb it carries us away. On a glorious moonlit evening we reach the Hotel Rigi Kaltbad, where we rest our somewhat weary limbs for a few scanty hours. Three o'clock is the time to start on the second portion of the journey, for we must reach the summit before the rising sun to enjoy one of the most inspiring spectacles in nature—the golden glow of the sun's first rays on the large panorama of the snow-clad mountains surrounding us. And deep down in the valleys below lie before our eyes blue lakes with silvery streams, quiet little towns and villages, green meadows and dark forests, all in one great silence proclaiming the greatness of their Creator.

Traveling in Italy, we find that already in classical ages famous rulers, mighty popes, great mystics, and renowned scholars have chosen great heights and have crowned them with lasting memorials of their still greater minds which were fully able to realize the supremacy of a city or a fortress, of a place of high learning or of piety, high up above the noise of crowded centers. Such well located institutions worthy of the travelers' notice are to be found on Monte Subasio, Monte Casino, in Assisi, Spoleto and Perugia.

Wherever mountains were lacking, man has tried to replace them to some extent by towers and domes. Thus we are able to obtain a splendid view of Paris from the Eiffel Tower and of Rome from the Cupola of Saint Peter's where some seven hundred steps lift us up over that grand and glorious city with its ancient and modern monuments—the glorious resting place of Saint Peter, the magnificent palace of the Vatican with its famous library and museum of untold wealth, and with its richly decorated throne room where His Holiness receives in a friendly way his pilgrim children, cordially shaking hands with them and blessing them in

a truly fatherly manner. Oh happy moments of supreme joy for those who are able to look into his kindly eyes, inquiringly fixed upon each one of his visitors—a memory never to be forgotten!

It is only from the Cupola of Saint Peter's that we can get a real idea and a true appreciation of the size of the Vatican and its relation to other monuments. We can follow with our eyes the narrow over-head bridge which connects the Vatican with the Castle of San Angelo, a former Papal fortification overlooking the Tiber. The Vatican gardens can also best be observed from above. Just now a number of workmen can be seen readjusting the railway lines and the Vatican station where the Holy Father will shortly be able to board his private train on his own grounds. A group of gardeners are busily landscaping in one part, whereas a great number of builders are renovating various buildings. On the hill opposite Saint Peter's we see the grand and beautiful American College for the Propagation of the Faith, which truly is the pride of every American, and the view of which would be sufficient compensation for having climbed such a lofty height as the Cupola of Saint Peter's in Rome.

R. F. P.

Sorority Notes

Tau Alpha Zeta is pleased to announce the pledging of Miss Jeanette Whittler, Miss Kathleen Wehmeier, Miss Eileen Nason, Miss Marian Solury, and Miss Marjorie Cramer. The Rushing Season opened September 27 with a Bridge Tea at the Mary Louise Tea Room. On October 2 the pledges and Alumnae members were entertained at the El Capitan Theatre in Hollywood. The Preference Dinner was held at the Mona Lisa, Sunday, October 4, at 7:30 P. M. Sorority colors carried out the decorative scheme.

Officers for the coming year are:

President—Mary Virginia Bryan,

Secretary—Evelyn Orella,

Treasurer—Louise Anselmo,

Pledge-Mistress—Mary Ann Hebert.

E. O.

* * *

The Gamma Sigma Phi Sorority opened its rush season with a formal tea at the Victor Hugo on Sunday, September 27.

On October 4, at the home of Miss Barbara Letts, a bridge luncheon was

given in honor of the rushees.

The formal presentation of the pledges of the Gamma Sigma Phi took place on Sunday evening, October 11, at the Victor Hugo. The new pledges are the Misses Helena Geier, Agnes Hoffman and Frances Turnan.

F. C.

* * *

Kappa Delta Chi Sorority takes pleasure in announcing as pledges: Miss Nora Richards, Emily Roseneck, Patricia O'Connor, Ita O'Brien, Lelia O'Brien, and Esther Deegan.

Rush Season was inaugurated with a beautifully appointed tea in the Venetian Room of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. The pledges were then entertained with a dinner in the Cortile Lido Salon at the Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel. Formal Preference Dinner was held at the Biltmore Hotel on the evening of October 17. Favors were in the form of gardenia corsages; table decorations were carried out in roses, dahlias and various flowers in the autumn shades.

A. A.

EX LIBRIS

(Continued from Page 2)

and in these two sentences she tells us of Jeanne's vocation: "... from the window of her upstairs room Jeanne could see at night the red spark of the sanctuary lamp showing in the dark church. When everyone was asleep and the house was still, it was her custom to kneel by her casement and pray, the while watching the spot of light: 'I will be that lamp,' she used to whisper. 'I will be that lamp; that shall be my life.'"

Alumnae Notes

The young son of Mrs. Robert Evans (Lillian May) enjoys the distinction of being Mount Saint Mary's first "grand-child."

Miss Helen Rumsey, '30, after completing her fifth year at Berkeley, is at home this winter. She is now teaching at Saint Mary's Academy.

Miss Inez Dehetre, '31, is continuing her courses at Berkeley this year.

Miss Adelaide Buckler has secured a contract for substitute teaching, under which she has been working for some weeks in a Burbank school, and Miss Rose Alice Heberger is teaching in St. John's Parochial School.

M. E. Lamb.

INTER-NOS



VOL. VI., No. 2

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, DECEMBER 19, 1931

Season's Greetings to Our Readers!

Inspiration from the Heights

Riding out of Los Angeles to the "Castle on the Hill," we have had many thoughts. With Mt. St. Mary's dominating the sky line, catching the early morning rays and the last departing beams of the sun, one might imagine only pleasant thoughts could arise, yet those of us who must scale the cliffs which surround the "enchanted castle" may wonder, especially when events so prosaic as muddy roads and flat tires impede our progress.

However, like many things worth while in life which require effort, after it has been put forth success crowns the steep climb, and then what a view is spread before your eyes! No, it is true, one cannot eat, dance with, play with, walk with view, and yet from this same view which would make your life lonesome alone, comes inspiration.

Casting your eyes to the sea, the far-flung Pacific (sounds Homeric), the white beach, Palos Verdes, Catalina in the distance, and I must not forget the oil wells, will bring memories of your past vacation or anticipations of your next. In the falling dusk the sparkling lights of the city, red, white, blue, incandescent, Neon, shine out, while now and then an airplane or a "blimp" cruising, is to be seen in the valley below. At your feet the City of the Angels, in the distance snow-covered Mt. San Antonio, to the east, west, south, you find inspiration. The old ocean, the eternal hills and the latest in modern invention are enfolded in your gaze. And you on the mountain, you of Mt. St. Mary's with your college high in the heavens to which you ascend from the valley below, what your college should mean to each of you is *inspiration*.

A scene not unlike that which greets your eyes once captured the enthralled vision of St. Paul—the busy city of Tarsus, queen of Asiatic ports, the lovely Mediterranean, the white sails on her blue bosom, in the distance, towering alike above city and ocean, the snow-

(Continued on Page 3)

A Star

(A Christmas Story)

"My father, is that a lamb bleating in distress?"

"Where child? I hear naught but the shrill wind; it blows cold upon us, and Miriam, thy mother, will rate me soundly if I get thee not home soon."

"O father, I hear it again—it is a cry of pain—it comes from yonder! Go, father, go! See what is there, and I shall wait thee quietly, right here in the road where thou puttest me down. I shall not move one step."

Gently, but with an anxious look, the shepherd lifted from his shoulders his precious burden, a child, whose golden hair gleamed in the fading dusk, but whose eyes glowed with no answering light, for the boy was blind.

"Canst be here alone, David, for awhile? I think I do hear something, a sound coming from that ditch beyond the bramble hedge. Perhaps a stray sheep has fallen in there, and is hurt."

David for answer pushed his father in the direction whence came a sort of plaintive cry, then sat down patiently on the roadside, clasping in his hands a bunch of scarlet berries which his mother loved.

A few steps brought Simeon to the bramble hedge. Peering over it, he scanned the darkness of a shallow ditch which in the rainy season served as a watering place for the sheep. A faint moaning came again, this time unmistakable. Leaping over the hedge, Simeon stepped down into the ditch and groped his way directed by the sound, until he stumbled and almost fell over the prostrate form of a child huddled in the damp moss. Stooping, Simeon lifted the child, who had swooned from the pain of the movement.

In the shadow of the hedge, the shepherd could not distinguish the features of the boy, but easily shouldering the light burden, he crossed through a slight gap in the brambles, and strode toward

(Continued on Page 3)

The Spell of Guadalupe

Like a haze of rose and gold, the tradition of Guadalupe hangs over tumultuous, romantic Mexico—the one unbroken force in her chaotic soul. From all over the country Mexicans and Indians have just made the pilgrimage to the great shrine in Mexico City on foot in culmination of their Ter-Centennial celebration of the Apparitions. They prayed to the Lady who made roses to bloom in the snow for Juan Diego to show the flowers of peace on them—tranquillity to the land that has been harried by the strife of persecution.

Four hundred years ago Our Lady set up her reign in the Spaniards' new-found "Tierra de la Manaña", and from that day to this she has been for the Mexican a deep reality. When tyranny and conflict perplex his spirit, she comforts him. The eternal rays of light that shine about her have power to refine old barbaric embers still glowing in his nature. Her name is shouted across the battlefield, her banner is cited waving against the wind—it renews his flagging courage.

Wherever the dust of Mexico is carried by the brown feet of her children, there, too, is carried the spell of Guadalupe. It hovers above the deserts and cordilleras of the Southwest, outlasting their broken fidelity to Mexico. The most delightful church in Old Town, Santa Fe, is perhaps the Guadalupe Chapel. Here is enacted, annually, upon her Feast, the drama which has enjoyed the longest run of any play on the American stage. It is Lope de Vega's *comedia de Santo*, "La Aparición de Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe," produced with traditional costuming and characterization. On the Eve of the feast, the parishioners form a procession through the crooked alleyways around the church, and afterwards all her namesakes, the "Lupes" and "Lupitas" of the neighborhood, are serenaded with guitar and limpid song.

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EDITORIAL STAFF

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 Asst. Editor M. A. Hebert
 Ass. Editor F. White
 News Editor C. Kelly
 Social Editor M. Cramer
 Business Manager L. Anselmo

FEATURES

H. Shubert, M. Solury, C. Kelly

Editorial Comments

Christmas in Russia this year, under the godless Soviet régime, will be just December 25, another day in the waning year. Among us here at home there will be many to whom, although having a sufficiency of this world's goods, and what is more, a God upon the altars ready to receive their poorest prayer for help, and to dispense graces for deeds of charity, it will mean no more. And if, possessed of all these goods and blessings, they do not prepare their hearts as a humble Christmas gift to Our Lord, both by spiritual exercises and by charitable deeds at a time when the opportunity amounts to almost a duty, will they on Christmas morning be any more fit to say, "Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee?" than those wretches who seek to obliterate the traces of His birthday from the very calendar?

Take care, therefore, that you be not like the Russians whom you deprecate with your words, yet imitate by your actions.

Certain members of the Student Body have been infected lately by a serious malady—an apathetic attitude toward all school activities. Now, before this becomes chronic, we suggest that such persons take the first step toward a cure by swelling the ad-contest fund with at least one ad of a respectable size. (This would be an excellent suggestion if it were not for the fact that the afflicted individuals are the ones who haven't subscribed to *Inter-Nos*, and won't be able to read about it.)

Mount Saint Mary's has at last achieved the distinction of recognition by the Phi Beta Kappa Honorary Society, which carries with it the privilege of participating in the annual essay contest. If you can write, but lack

ideas, consult someone who has good ones to spare; if you have ideas and can't write, write anyhow and seek aid in the mechanical part of the work. At least try, and do your part in proving that our College, though small, can produce just as good thinkers and writers as those who count their students by thousands.

Opinions expressed concerning our redwoods, while they reposed on the back steps, were more amusing than intelligent, we fear. One child brightly inquired when we were to plant the "cherry trees," while another just as innocently observed, "Yes, they're nice, but where are the redwoods?" To the right of those steps is the laboratory where the Flora class is conducted—but, of course, we don't mean to insinuate.

We have just completed a three days retreat—a rare grace by which we are allowed to forget all earthly cares and devote ourselves to a complete renovation of the affairs of soul. We say "completed," but the retreat should be rather the beginning of a saner, holier life. Before the salient points of the conferences have faded from your mind, sit down and take those steps best suited to impressing them upon your particular memory, not for a week, but at least until the arrival of the next retreat.

Christmas vacation is now before you. Suppose for a moment that it is already spent. Are you glad that you have devoted every moment to the pursuit of holiday jollity; or have you a sense of satisfaction for having written those term papers and begun a review for that history examination? In either case, the time is gone, but we leave it to you to judge which will be the most productive of that *lasting* sense of pleasure.

An enthusiastic student of the Chaucer Class the other day addressed our learned Professor of English as "Dr. Chaucer." We were all afforded a due amount of amusement, but perhaps it wasn't such a dreadful mistake after all.

Ex Libris

The Autobiography of
Knut K. Rockne

Reviewed by C. Kelly

"Was it not Browning who said that every man has two soul sides: one to face the world with, and one to show a woman when he loves her." Thus begins Mrs. Rockne's courageous and wholly fitting prefatory note. Her few lines, so full in content, could not possibly be termed an indiscreet tearing apart of the veil of family life, for she only lifts the tiniest corner of that veil, and allows curious America but a glimpse of the happiness that existed in the Rockne home.

Father Cavanaugh's introduction is a thing of beauty. To what he himself knew of "Rock" he has added what he has read in the "hearts and the memories of many who knew the man intimately and understood and loved him." The result is a comprehensive and somewhat stirring relation of the activities that occupied the attention of the "noble Viking" from the time that he climbed to the crow's nest of the ship that brought him to America, to the time that a giant, silver-winged Fokker crashed on a lonely hill in eastern Kansas.

In his autobiography, Rockne, with his inimitable, virile freshness of style, briefly described the early years of his life, mentioning the short time he lived in Norway, his arrival in Chicago, and his subsequent adventurous, amusing and pseudo-tragic escapades. Chicago was not his base of activity for long before he knew intimately every portion of its territory. Of it he remarks, "The new, spacious city, with its endless corner lots and tolerant police, was a great place for a boy to grow up in, in the era B. C.—Before Capone."

Rockne's parents believed football to be a sort of "modified massacre," but their youthful son did not quite agree with them, and it was with elation and not sorrow that he displayed a broken nose after a baseball game and proved to a skeptical mother and father that football was no more dangerous than was baseball.

The keen, rhythmical, hard-hitting

(Continued on Page 4)

Music, the Handmaiden of Christmas

*Sing ye to the Lord a new canticle,
for He hath done wonderful things.
—Isaiah IX.*

Music has played an important role in the celebration of Christmas from the first moment of Christ's existence as man. The shepherds, watching over their flocks on that glorious winter's eve nineteen hundred years ago, heard strains of heavenly music, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

The early spirit of Christmas has been preserved throughout the ages and truly represented to us by means of music. We have little record of the carols which the early Christians sang immediately following Our Lord's death. We can trace, however, back to the Middle Ages for the first recorded songs, which consisted of Miracle Plays and religious legends. When you feel an absence of the Christmas spirit, just read a few carols such as, "The Shepherd's Song," written about 1600 by Edmund Bolton, or Robert Southwell's, "New Prince, New Pomp," edited sometime in the sixteenth century, which are characteristic of the simplicity and grace found in this early music.

As far back as the thirteenth century, carols were cried about the streets of Paris by the Jongleurs, or wandering minstrels. From Henry VIII down to the reign of Charles I, carols were general at the festive season. When the Puritans came into power, however, the carols fell into disuse, when Parliament passed a law, contrary to all instincts of the human heart, "That no observation shall be had of the twenty-fifth day of December, commonly called Christmas Day." Because of the fondness of Charles for worldly enjoyment, carols came into their own at a later date, but more as an adjunct to festivity than religion.

The Catholic Church has kept the custom of music at Christmas-tide intact within her rituals. Midnight Mass is truly an inspirational and devotional service, but the accompaniment of music makes it the most awe-inspiring one of the year.

Thus, as George Withers says in his Christmas-Day Carol.

*With angels, therefore, sing again,
To God on high all glory be,
For peace on earth bestoweth He,
And showeth favor unto men.*

MARIAN SOLURY.

In Bethlehem

Is that a lily in the winter's cold?
A lily? I see a maiden poor of Israel.
And whence the light all shining,
In the pale moon's gleam?
What light? I see a man with garments thin.
O mother, mother! Call them! Bid them in!

A shepherd boy speeds lightly o'er the wold,
A pitying tear falls on the frozen sod,
A lonely cave—an angel's song—a star,
A Lily bending o'er the Lamb of God.
S. M. D.

INSPIRATION FROM THE HEIGHTS

(Continued from Page 1)

covered Tarsus mountains. "A citizen of no mean city," he could claim as his home the inspiration-giving sea-port of Tarsus. Converted by a miracle, years of retirement in Arabia, and then to astound the world by his preaching—such was his life. His youth was surrounded by scenery like that which surrounds yours, and he never forgets his inspiration.

Success is attained only after effort consistent and unflagging, just as your college is reached only after a steep climb; but when you again descend to the city streets you have captured a view of life from your Arabian desert, a view which helps you gain the proper perspective in life. City lights are powerful and strong as we walk beneath them, yet from the distance so puny and almost insignificant. Life's difficulties and troubles are like these lights, yet seen with the proper perspective trifling and of little account. Mt. St. Mary's on the hilltop is to give you that perspective.

Inspiration is ninety-five percent perspiration, the philosopher tells us, and the hill of life, like the hill to your college, demands the latter. We must follow an ideal, and the ideals of Mt. St. Mary's, if kept before us now and later, will bring us happiness. There is need today for an army of apostolic women following an ideal, gifted with inspiration, women who are not afraid to rest on their own convictions. You are the women, receiving the best in Catholic education that you may keep untarnished our American ideals.

Abraham Lincoln took the inspiration of his life's work from a slave market

A STAR

A Christmas Story

(Continued from Page 1)

the spot where his own little lad was sitting with his chin cupped in his hands. Then laying the injured boy on a mossy rise in the bank, he drew back the mantle which had blown across his face. Simeon gave a sharp cry.

"Ah, is it thou? Then comes the chance for which I have waited during five long years. Stay thou here and let thine own father find thee dead, or let him feel the sting of being father to a maimed and crippled son."

Then stealthily crossing the road, he patted David lightly on the head saying, "Come lad, we must make all haste. When thou art safe at home, I shall come back and care for this sheep, which straying from the flock, has broken its leg in the ditch."

David, convinced and quieted, settled himself contentedly upon his father's shoulder, and soon the two were welcomed to the log fire, blazing in the shepherd's little cot.

While Miriam prepared to place the frugal evening meal, Simeon went off toward the fold, for the year was poor and the lambs were ailing.

As he moved about his evening task an exultant smile was on his face, but the song which burst from his lips was hard. Still, its bitterness died in his throat at the bleat of a lamb, as the gentle rubbing of the tiny creature against his feet called for the usual caress; for this was David's lamb, the latest born, a lamb without spot or blemish.

As he warmed the tiny creature against his breast, there seemed to come to him again, from beyond the bramble hedge, that plaintive sound, clutching at his boy's heart and his own.

(Continued on Page 4)

in New Orleans; the Duke of Gandia became St. Francis Borgia, inspired by looking on the face of his dead queen; Gibbon, writer of the "Decline and Fall of Rome," gained his inspiration while listening to the barefoot friars chant vespers as he sat amidst the ruins of the Capitol.

Near heaven's dome where the air is purer, the vision clearer, the view more expansive, thence take your inspiration. What Mt. St. Mary's should mean to every student and to all is

Inspiration from the Heights.

FR. CUNNINGHAM, C. S. P.

COOPERATION

A STAR

(A Christmas Story)

(Continued from Page 3)

"Nay 'tis just," he muttered, "that thou, Esdrael, shalt know the stab of pain. Thou didst rob my sheep fold, and didst so frighten my wife, Miriam, and my babe, born the next morning. Why is he blind?"

As he worked, Simeon dwelt and dwelt again, on the story of his wrong, but his soul was losing its elation and his heart felt heavy as a stone.

Finishing his task, he strode to his door, and said,

"Wait not for me, Miriam, I shall be back anon."

Esdrael, the tanner, was standing at the edge of his little garden enclosure, peering anxiously through the darkness, when a muffled figure stepped from the gloom, and laying at his feet a burden, which he carried, snarled,

"Care for his limb. Methinks his fall into the sheep ditch has injured him." Then swiftly he was gone.

* * * * *

Midnight was hovering over the hills of Bethlehem. Shepherds had built a fire and were watching, for on such a night as this wolves might come. And suddenly there was a bright light and a heavenly voice saying:

"Fear not for behold I bring you tidings of great joy, for unto you is born a Saviour who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you, you shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger."

And the shepherds said, "Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this word which has come to pass, which the Lord has shewed to us."

And they rose in haste, but Simeon seated by the fire brooded, and his heart was cold. To the coaxing of his fellows he muttered:

"I have no gift to offer, for the year is poor."

Yet as the echo of their footsteps died away into the night, a longing seized him and he felt again the warmth which had crept over his heart as he laid at Esdrael's feet the injured.

"I cannot, cannot go. I have no gift. The lambs are ailing."

Then the wind seemed to whisper, "There is David's lamb."

Angrily Simeon tried to banish the thought, but he could not quiet the whisper, nor the longing, of his heart.

Suddenly grasping his staff, Simeon

LOYALTY

ran over the hill with David's lamb wrapped closely in his mantle. His heart was torn with conflicting emotions. At one time cold with hate toward Esdrael, again softening by regret for David's grief, but all the while drawn by an irresistible longing, until he came in sight of his comrades just entering the opening of one of the caves, which was used as a shelter for the beasts.

Quietly and in wonder Simeon drew near. What were the shepherds doing? Whence that light and whence that heavenly song?

A moment the man stood in hesitation, then his gaze rested upon an infant lying in the manger straw. The Babe's eyes were raised to his, drawing him, reading his very soul. Simeon fell on his knees, and coming close laid down the lamb, and buried his face in the straw close to the Infant's feet. Then the stone of discontent fell from his heart, and the space left vacant of destroying hate, was filled with overwhelming love.

And while the Child Jesus smiled on David's lamb, Miriam, the shepherd's wife, stole softly toward the couch where her treasure was sleeping. Was she awake or in a dream? A form in shining robes seemed to bend and press a gentle hand on the eyelids of the sleeping child, and the rustle of wings sounded near her in the darkness.

"O Mother, mother come! See! Tell me what is this?"

David's sharp cry told Miriam she was indeed awake. The boy, sitting upright on his couch was pointing through the window, and Miriam knew that he gazed with seeing eyes upon a wondrous light in heaven.

Then Simeon's step was heard on the threshold. He raised the latch, his heart still glowing with the love of Bethlehem's Babe, and David cried in rapture:

"O Father, I see a star!"

Tree Planting in Honor of Washington

The first of ten million redwood trees to be planted in honor of the Bicentennial of Washington in 1932 were placed on Mount Saint Mary's Hill by John Steven McGroarty and Dr. B. F. Stelter while the Student Body, in cap and gown, participated by their presence.

Speeches were delivered by Mr. McGroarty and Dr. Stelter in praise of

SPORTSMANSHIP

THE SPELL OF GUADALUPE

(Continued from Page 1)

Los Angeles honors Guadalupe too. The well-to-do Mexican has her statue in his oratory; the railroad worker has her likeness crocheted into his cheap, front-door curtain. One thing, however, is regrettable. Olvera Street is this city's living memorial to the culture of Old Mexico. Mexican life, art, thought, business, drama and music are given perpetuation here, but no recognition is given to Mexico's national patron. Our Lady of Guadalupe goes without a public token of honor in the second largest center of Mexican population in the world.

H. V. S.

EX LIBRIS

(Continued from Page 2)

football of today is a far cry back to the time when the referee, in order to placate the Notre Dame team after Rockne had been bitten by an opposing player, suggested that the games of the following year's schedule be arranged for Fridays.

Rockne played no small part in the regeneration of football tactics. Not for this alone, however, will his name live in men's memories. When the newspapers carried headlines that read "ROCKNE DIES IN PLANE CRASH", a nation was plunged into grief. "Rockne seems to be the only man within the memory of any now living—unless Roosevelt was another—who swept the whole world with enthusiasm for what he was, and did, and said and stood for."

Marking his grave is a simple block of granite:

FATHER

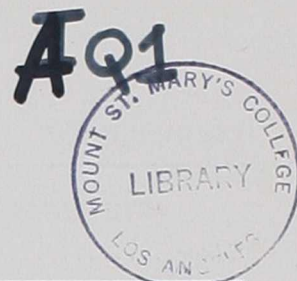
Knute K. Rockne
1888—1931

"When you saw Eternity through those clouds over Kansas—you reached for your Holy Rosary. And when kindly hands lifted you from the ground—the Rosary of Our Lady, the Rosary of Notre Dame—was lying at your fingertips."

Washington, and the music students rendered an "Ave Maria" and "Trees."

It is noteworthy that Dr. Stelter mentioned the fact that there is space for more trees. See the point—yes?

INTER-NOS



VOL. VI, No. 3

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

LOS ANGELES, JUNE 3, 1932

Noted Nun-Poetess Visits Mount Saint Mary's

Many and, not infrequently, distinguished are the visitors who motor up our winding roads to enjoy the natural wonders of our "view," and to marvel at the more artificial, yet no less splendid, beauties of our home and campus. Among those of note whom we have recently had the pleasure of receiving, is Sister M. Madeleva of the Congregation of Holy Cross, President of St. Mary's of the Wasatch College, Salt Lake City, Utah, and a poetess of some distinction.

Upon her arrival, Sister Madeleva very graciously responded to unexpected requests that she address a body of eager young women who had many times read and enjoyed her poems and essays. In a little intimate talk Sister, to the delight of the religious members of the faculty, enlarged and dwelt upon her previous acquaintances with the Sisters of St. Joseph, and various of their houses in eastern Provinces, revealing herself as an old acquaintance of the Community; and then, turning to poetry, touched artfully upon its essence, justification and varied forms. Sister closed with a few of her own poems, which charmed all her listeners, both lovers of poetry, and those who are not so large of soul as to appreciate the poetic art in all its fullness.

Most anxious to have a further acquaintance with this Sister who can write such delightful poetry and lecture quite as charmingly, we interviewed her later in the corridor, and darted questions about her "Saint Mary's." She drew a close comparison between the two Colleges, both of which are concerned with a group of promising young girls, are situated atop lofty mountains, and—each has a bus!

These two contacts with Sister Madeleva led to further interest, and desirous of enjoying another side of her work, we attended her interesting lecture on "Poetry in the Making." On this occasion Sister defined poetry as the "transfiguration of life" or "an ideally painted expression of life on paper"—rhythmic expression, not essentially different from prose. She then explained to the more

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)

Mt. St. Mary's Successful in Essay Contest

May 19, 1932.

Miss Frances Taylor,
Editor of *Inter-Nos*

Dear Miss Taylor:

Permit me to congratulate your Student Body upon its remarkably successful participation in the recent Essay Contest conducted by the Phi Beta Kappa Alumni in Southern California, in which Mount St. Mary's won second place.

Perhaps it is not generally known to all your readers, that this association conducts an annual College Essay Contest, which is open to undergraduate students of the colleges and universities in southern California. This year marked the tenth annual contest, with the following thirteen institutions participating: California Institute of Technology, University of California at Los Angeles, College of the Immaculate Heart, La Verne College, Loyola University, Mount St. Mary's College, Occidental College, Pomona College, University of Redlands, San Diego State Teachers College, Santa Barbara State Teachers College, University of Southern California and Whittier College.

Each institution was permitted to submit not more than four essays, which were judged by three persons selected from the members of Phi Beta Kappa in southern California. Each judge, in these contests, votes for a first, second, and third place, and each vote of each judge carries with it an award as follows; first place, each vote, \$45.00, second, \$30.00, and third, \$15.00. Two honorable mentions are allowed each judge.

The contest of this year presented certain interesting aspects, in that the number of institutions participating was larger than ever before, and the number of essays submitted greater than in any previous year. Six institutions were participating for the first time. Due to

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 2)

The Olympian Games

The Greeks recognized four canonical national festivals, the Olympian, the Pythian, the Isthmian and the Nemean. Olympia had a national shrine and oracle, and early came to be recognized as the chief center of the worship of the Olympian Zeus in Greece. The Olympian claims an uninterrupted celebration for the stadium from 776 B. C., and a mythical origin to the games.

The judges, called *Hellaniads*, were at first two in number; later the number was increased to ten. In historical times Elis was the center for the administration of the games.

Most of the events for open competition seem to have been instituted by the beginning of the seventh century. Toward the end of the century were instituted various competitions for boys, and later were added races, for hoplites, four-horse chariots, horse races and even mule chariot races. The last named seem not to have held their own, as they were dropped during the fifth century. A contest of trumpeters and heralds was introduced in the Ninety-sixth Olympiad (396 B. C.).

This festival was held every third or fourth year; the sacred month was alternately the second or third after the summer solstice. Heralds, *spondophoroi*, were sent from Elis to proclaim throughout Greece the beginning of the games and the sacred truce, which, lasting two weeks before and after the games, enabled visitors to travel in safety to Olympia and home again.

The Olympian games provided vent for religious and athletic enthusiasm, offered opportunities for commerce and for the publication of literary productions to a great audience. The History of Herodotus is said to have been read there, also the Panegyric orations of Lysias and Isocrates.

The programme was spread over five days, with the stadium the first and chief event, as its victor gave his name to the Olympiad. The *pentathlon*, or contest of five events, consisted of con-

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 3)

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor F. Taylor
 Ass. Editor F. White
 News Editor C. Kelly
 Business Manager L. Anselmo

FEATURES

H. Shubert M. V. Bryan T. Coony

Editorials

Between sentiment and sentimentalism there is an impassable gulf, and we think it not mere tawdry sentimentalism which stirs pangs of regret at the sight of every new preparation towards impending graduation. In defense of that innocent emotion, may we publicly, formally, and particularly with sincerity, declare that feeling to have found its source in the realization that the Sisters of St. Joseph have offered to us the best possible opportunities in higher education, surrounded by an atmosphere at once efficient and intimate; and, likewise, in the conviction that whatever the years to come may bring in happiness and success, it will never in any way approximate the four years of innocent, unalloyed pleasure enjoyed at Mount Saint Mary's. We trust that all the Seniors, and Seniors-to-be, subscribe to this profession according to the varied intensities of their feelings.

At the risk of upholding our national reputation for a statistical malady, we hazard a query relative to the number of "As" and "Bs" which might be wrested from conservative instructors if the same enthusiastic attention were brought to bear on academic subjects which is evident among the "crooner" devotees who clamor for easy chairs about the radio in the lounge at certain well-known hours of the afternoon and evening. Inspiration derived from such a maudlin source can scarcely hope to ever write an epic or to add one atom to the world's scientific knowledge.

If you think enough of your school to entrust to it the training of your mental and moral faculties, you surely must have a sufficient interest in its welfare to contribute towards it material betterment, else you are selfish indeed. With the advent of the summer months, bethink yourself or persons of your acquaintance who are just emerging from high school, or others who have yearnings toward higher education—tell them about Mount Saint Mary's—bring

them up and show them our "view"—and win for your College another student and another advocate—and render a double service, to your friend and to your school.

If you come upon a group of wilted Seniors, mistake not the cause of their dejection. It's not that they are about to be warned of their entrance into the "cold and wicked world"—nor yet because the last vestiges of innocent childhood have fled—worse yet—it's comprehensives! The sun rises and sets on comprehensives; conversations center about comprehensives; and fates hang upon comprehensives. Pleasant prospects, Juniors!

The months of summer vacation extend into the future, seemingly interminable like the winding country road losing itself in the hazy distance. Think of the books to be read—of the summer courses to be pursued—the house-work to be done; or, it may be, lazy afternoons spent in complaint against summer heat—protracted sleeps—perpetual excursions. Choose, and remember that the number of summer vacations in future school years is less by just one.

All fashions and fads are begun by persons who have an idea, and who are unafraid to act upon it. Let's begin a fad at Mt. St. Mary's. In the summer when we occasionally make intrusions upon the hospitality of the Sisters, instead of sending in our card as a token of admission, why not a rose-bush or a youthful tree? Garden space is not yet at a premium, and the landscape responds nobly to every effort toward ornamentation.

Olympus Repopulated

On the way to the Hill-Top campus each day now, one is edified by evidence of the persistency of the Greek tradition. But as the tradition has spanned some twenty-five hundred years since its inception at the Olympian and Delphic oracles, one needs, of course, a tolerant, historical imagination to see in the little box-huts, that spring like mushrooms from the ridges of the Baldwin Hills, a reconstruction of Olympus.

Those of my companions who are Classical majors have recently spread a bromidic cloud over my enthusiastic reaction to Olympic City. They tell me that I am deceived, that the most Gre-

cian thing about the Tenth Olympiad is its name. They swear that Thebes or Delphi or Athens could never, in the most depressed of their oligarchic regimes, have constructed hundreds of clap-board dormitory compartments, identical as to interior monotony, and by the external application of yellow stucco, shingles, chili-pepper vines, pink ramblers or Italian grape vines, seek to pawn off their camouflage upon Olympian contestants as national atmosphere. I hardly agree with the harshness of the attack. If Los Angeles entertains a shadow of a doubt that her own peculiar landscape, architecture or culture might not satisfy her guests, then good taste dictates that she provide some type of cultural atmosphere that is satisfying to the European and the South American.

Besides is there not a Grecian cosmopolitanism about this world-wide congregation of laurel-seekers. Can they not, for instance, see in the Norwegian fjord-loving skier a resemblance to the javelin hurler of harsh and rocky Sparta?

My ardor for the Classical demonstrations of July is again dampened when they insist that the original meaning of the Games is lost. Their primordial purpose, I am informed, was one of religious festivity. They were thanksgiving celebrations in honor of the divinities. Consequently, the highest forms of art—physical, dramatic, poetical, sought expression. Am I to believe that the aesthetic side of the Olympiad has been entirely forgotten? What of the millions of pounds of concrete that have been poured about the Art Museum at Exposition Park? I even suspect that in the barren rigidity of those gray walls, one is to look for the lines of a primitive (very primitive) Doric public building (or barrack).

By now my Classicist companions look at me in withering triumph: The Greek Olympiad was not heralded by blue and orange automobile stickers, nor by red, white and blue bits of wearing apparel, as ear-rings and berets. Who knows, though, whether exiled politicians did not recoup their fortunes by the sale of diminutive laurel wreathes to happy Thessalonian maidens, who pinned them on their loose flying costume. Who knows, whether in the absence of a Chamber of Commerce, the gray-beards at the Oracle looked for an increase of votive offerings and decked the Sanctuary and the town accordingly.

HELEN SHUBERT.

An Editorial Nightmare

For some people it's onions, for others cheese, and for still others mince-pie to which the nocturnal perturbations of the sub-conscious mind, commonly known as nightmares, may be traced. But in the present instance, it was nothing more nor less than that disturber of editorial consciences, *Inter-Nos*, which occasioned and constituted the "theme song" of a distinctly grotesque dream. Having meditated with unusual intensity upon a coming issue, I fell asleep, only to be tormented in my slumbers, not by visions of an embodied *Inter-Nos* pursuing me in headlong flight, but by the following monstrosity among the dream species, which, though lacking the Notary's seal, is, nevertheless, a *bona fide* dream.

* * *

On the eve of the publication of *Inter-Nos*, an errand of a legal nature sent me in search of a business address in the down-town section of Los Angeles. The quest led me into an office building where I found myself confronted with an entrance bearing the astounding notice, "George Bernard Shaw, Attorney-at-Law," and in smaller type, "Printing a Specialty."

All things paled into insignificance before the thought of the prestige which *Inter-Nos* would enjoy if it should come from the press of so illustrious a printer. The manuscript was, accordingly, dispatched with all possible speed, and with meticulous directions for its proper composition.

Marvelous to relate, later in the very same day *Inter-Nos* arrived at 12001 Chalon Road, accompanied by a courteous note, bearing the intelligence that the firm of "Shaw & Co." prided itself on prompt and courteous service. (Would that all printers were as prompt!)

Yes, *Inter-Nos* had arrived, but *what* an *Inter-Nos*! Printer's zeal in including all the copy had led to a distortion in form, so that instead of presenting a rational rectangular shape, it looked as though it had been stretched by pulling at opposite corners, and was a perfect geometric parallelogram, printing space being thereby increased. Articles placed in the corners peeped timidly forth in the tiniest type and followed the contour of the paper, while all available marginal space was occupied by typical "Shawnian" annotations! Such was the work of "G. B. Shaw & Co."

Christ Has Ascended

Mother did your heart bleed
When you saw Him go,
Through the filmy cloud rims
Bright with Heaven's glow?
Though His friends in wonder
Home with joy returned,
Yet your tender Mother's heart
For His presence yearned.
Down the weary vista
Of those waiting years
How you longed for Death's release
From a vale of tears.
Yet your will submissive
Bowed in mute accord,
Still, as in life's morning
The Handmaid of the Lord.

S. M. D.

At Parting

Seniors—Time that walked with Virgil
Along the Appian Way,
Walks now with us toward the shadows
Of the parting day.
A day of tears, when hand meets hand
'Ere friends are gone.
And going, leave those priceless thoughts
Which linger on.

For lingering thoughts find residence within
The halls of memory,
And in the treasure caverns of our minds
They sanctify this day.
Thus, thoughts discarding substance assume
The form of friends.
To journey with us on Life's way, even
To the end.

So—when the sun of joy is shining and the
Sky of life is fair,
And the peace of God is over all
I shall be there.
When the storm clouds gather, or a heart-
ache
Seems so new,
And you need the touch of a friendly hand,
Seniors—I shall be seeing you

M. V. B.

Martial's Epigrams

These three epigrams, selected from many written by Martial during the first century A. D., are translations from the original Latin, and have been selected for their true Roman spirit and typical satirical humor.

THE SPONGER—ANCIENT MODEL
As often as we meet, my Lupercus,
You straightway ask, "Shall I not send
A slave to fetch your book of epigrams,
Which I'll return to you as soon as
read?"

Vex not your slave, my Lupercus,
'Tis far away I live, too far indeed—
Up flights of stairs I dwell, and high
ones too.

That which you seek, much nearer may
you find.

Through Bookshop-Row not seldom do
you pass—
A bookshop small does Caesar's Forum
shade,
Where here and there on all its painted
posts
Both works and poets quickly you may
read.
For me seek there, no need Atrectus
ask—
This name the keeper of the shop does
bear—
To him this pigeon-hole or that will
quickly yield,
For you at five denarii—no more,
In purple brightly decked, my epigrams.
"Too high," you say? My Lupercus,
you're wise.

F. M. T.

* * *

MISEKLINESS ACCORDING TO MATHEMATICAL PROGRESSION

Not quite two million sestescs you had,
But yet such generous feasts you gave,
Calinus, generous and e'en prodigal,
Your friends a hundred million prayed
for you.

The gods our vows and prayers did
quickly hear—

Ere seven months had passed away, I
think,

Four deaths this sum, and more, had
brought to you.

Since then, as though these riches had
not come,

But rather millions snatched away from
you,

To hungry parsimony have you sunk.
The sumptuous banquets which you give
to us

Now once, I think, in twelve long
months,

For paltry sums of copper pence you
serve;

And we, your seven comrades old, once
dear,

Now cost to you a few lead coins to
feast.

What should we pray as meet for these
deserts?

We beg a thousand times as much for
you—

Prayer heard, of hunger surely will you
die.

F. M. T.

And so, whatever *Inter-Nos* may ultimately prove to be, remember it could be far worse in imitation of a fancy diagram for an abstruse problem in geometry!

F. M. T.

Students Elected to Scholarship Society

At the meeting of Mount Saint Mary's Scholarship Society, held at the College on Tuesday, May 17, four students of the Senior class were elected to membership in the Society. These students were: Frances Taylor, Helen Shubert, Mary Angela Hannin and Theodora Coony.

Eligibility to this association carries with it the highest honors which it is in the power of the College to confer, and it is determined by a grade-point rating. In this rating a grade-point average of 3 ranks highest. The series runs from an average of 2.3 to 3.

A degree with honors which these four students will receive is also determined by the same grade-point standards. Thus a grade-point average ranging from 2.3 to 2.5 gains the honor, *cum laude*; 2.5 to 2.8, *magna cum laude*; 2.8 to 3, *summa cum laude*.

Honors in music were won by Anita Arnold and Alice Corbeil.

Noted Nun-Poetess Visits Mount Saint Mary's

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)

prosaic of her listeners, that we study poetry as one of the two great forms of articular expression; that it belongs to a strong masculine tradition—for the truly great poetry has been composed by men poets; and that poetry adds to the joy of life by affording a pleasing outlet for emotion. Then followed more of her poems, which, delightful in themselves, were even yet more pleasing when animated by the breath of the authoress herself.

In just what does this charm of her poetry lie? It is rhythmic—naïve—marked by simplicity and a strain of mysticism; it displays an emotional ecstasy—a lyrical tenderness—and scintillates with personality.

In a simple, naïve rhythm, she writes—

God has most simple ways,
He likes a stable's covering,
And little lambs that shepherds bring.
His majesty aside he lays,—
You would not know He is a King—
He has such humble ways—
(WAYS)

And in a spirit of fun she queries concerning the nun's habit—

What do you say
Of wearing one's bridal gown
To town,
To church on Good Friday?
Of wearing one's shroud
Every day, all day,
In the heat and the crowd,
On Easter and Christmas day?
(Questions of a Nun's Habit)

Thus she writes, not pious poetry

always, but true soul-expression, the very essence of poetry, and raises all her efforts to the level of true spiritual values by their consecration to 'Her Favorite Author'—

Dear God,
Herewith a book do I inscribe and send—
Break thou the sealing clod
And read me, God!

—F. M. T.

Mt. St. Mary's Successful in Essay Contest

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

recognition by the Association of American Colleges, Mount St. Mary's College was one of these.

The recent announcement of the results of this year's contest shows that Mount St. Mary's took a First Prize, won by Helen V. Shubert, '32, who wrote on the topic, "The Education of a Heretic." Only one other institution, Whittier College, placed higher than Mount St. Mary's.

Other winning prizes were Occidental College, University of Southern California, University of California at Los Angeles and San Diego State College. University of Redlands received an Honorable Mention.

Miss Shubert has brought a very distinct honor to her College. She deserves high praise. I wish it might be possible for you to print her essay in full at some future time. Having seen it, I can vouch that it is convincing proof, not only of Miss Shubert's abilities, but of the very superior nature of the training Mount St. Mary's is offering her students.

And the essay sets a standard for your future participants!

Sincerely yours,

BENJAMIN F. STELTER, PH.D.

Random Thoughts of Seniors

Heute liegt die Kraft der Erziehung nicht in ihrer Neigung zur Kritik und zur Vernichtung, sondern in ihrem Vermögen, mitten in zunehmenden Wirrwarr, ein Gefühl des Gleichgewichtes zu erwecken, sowie eine Wertschätzung des Individuums festzustellen, im Gegensatz zu dem "Darwinischen," sozialwissenschaftlichen Begriff von der Menschheit als Mechanismus und Gesamtheit.

Mount St. Mary's College, als christliche Institution, muss ihre Gelehrsamkeit nach diesem Ziel richten.

H. V. S.

The Olympic Games

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

tests in the long-jump, discus-throwing, javelin-throwing, running and wrestling. In the long-jump (*halma*), weights were held in each hand, to assist the spring. Myron's "Discobolus" shows us the method of the discus thrower. In Greek wrestling, three throws were necessary for a victory. Boxing "gloves" consisted of thongs of leather wound around the hands, as pictured on vases which have come down to us. In the hoplite-race, each competitor carried a heavy shield.

Women were not admitted to the Olympian great festival of Zeus, but had a separate one of their own in honor of Hera. Young girls were also admitted as competitors in some of these games.

A victory at the Olympian games was the highest honor to which a Greek could aspire. He was obliged to prove his Hellenic parentage, his political and moral qualifications, and his ten months of training. Both he and his relatives were obliged to swear at the altar of Zeus over the sacrifice of a boar-pig that he had qualified, and that he would keep the rules of the contest. Unfair practice and breach of rules were punished by a fine, and the row of statues near the stadium erected from fines, attests the universality of human nature.

The official prizes were a crown of wild olive, a palm branch and the right to erect a statue in the *Altis*. The victor's city, however, and his friends, being honored by his victory, accorded him triumphal recognition and some times money awards, with a place of precedence in war and peace.

—S.M.D.

(Abridged from Whibley, L.,
A Companion to Greek Studies.)

"Ave Atque vale" Horatius cum animo sincero et cum caritate abhinc annos duo milia scripsit cum a re magnae deliciae discederet. Cum animo simile, quattuor annis fugatibus actis, repeto, Monte Sanctae Mariae, "Ave atque vale."

F. M. T.

Perhaps they even had hit and run drivers two thousand years ago—at least the styles in epitaphs haven't changed. According to Aristophanes:

An amateur, driving too fast,
From his car to the roadway was cast;
And a friend kindly said, as he bandaged his head—
"Mr. Cobbler, stick to your last."

NEWS SUPPLEMENT

No. 1

Mount Saint Mary's College

Oct. 17, 1932

DEDICATION

The Students of the News Writing Class gladly dedicate this, the first number of the News Supplement, to Mother Margaret Mary, President of Mount Saint Mary's College.

A Visit from our Bishop

The Right Reverend Bishop John J. Cantwell plans to visit Mount Saint Mary's College on Friday, October 14. After luncheon His Excellency will favor the students with one of his delightful and instructive addresses.

Library Notes

As a place for study, our college library offers the students opportunities in reference work as well as an attractive environment conducive to concentration. The library is adequately equipped in every line of subject matter, and is constantly being enlarged. Over one hundred books have been added this fall among which are: Wordsworth's "Prelude" edited by Ernest de Selincourt; "Anglo-Saxon and Norse Poems", edited and translated by N. (Con't. on page 2)

Religion Classes

A remarkably large number of students are attending Father Vaughan's classes this year. This Jesuit Father from Loyola who teaches three classes: Ethics, Logic, and Study of Scripture, is proving to his students that a knowledge of their Religion may be acquired in a very pleasant way.

"Those who instruct others unto justice shall shine as the stars for all eternity."

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October 15 is the feast of St. Theresa and it is also Founder's Day; so there is a double reason for celebrating on that day.

For those who enjoy mystics may we suggest the reading of a very interesting book: "The Life of St. Theresa".

October 17th is the feast of another great Saint, Saint Margaret Mary. She is the patron Saint of the President of our College - Mother Margaret.

M. Hudson

Appreciation

The News Writing Class wish to express their gratitude to Sister Agnes Mary for making possible the printing of the first issue of our "News Supplement".

The Classics

Latin isn't such a "dead" language when it can keep you up nights pouring over the following:

Latin 1, a course consisting of a study of Cicero's philosophy, as seen in the Cato Maior, supplemented by Pliny's letters. The letters under consideration will be those which are valuable as offering contemporary evidence of outstanding historical events, such as the famous eruption of Mt. Visuvius in 69 A. D. and the correspondence between the emperor Trajan and Pliny regarding the trial and punishment of Christians.

Latin 5 offers a study of some of the Odes of Horace, primary objective being a study of internal criticism, from which the character of Horace will be evolved.

A course in Church Latin is also being given as an aid to the study of Liturgy. The students are chiefly music majors.

Latin 6 and Latin 1A are classes given for the convenience of students who have not completed Latin entrance requirements.

Greek 1A is a study of the elements of Greek. The course is purely elective for all students except Latin majors. The progress made thus far, and the interest displayed argues well for a profitable semester's work.

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Space will not permit us to print all the articles submitted for publication. They will appear in the next issue.

Library Notes (con't. page 1)

Kershew; J. Calvet's "D'une Critique Catholique". *Mittelalterliche Zeitan-schauungen in ihrem Einfluss auf Politik und Geschichtschreibung* by Ernst Bernheim; *Monumenta Germaniae Historica, Epistolae Selectae, Tomus II—Fasciculus I et II*, Berlin, 1923.

Language

Madame Parkinson is an extremely remarkable linguist:

Elle a l'honneur d'informer les cheres lectrices de ce bulletin qu'elle continuera cette annee les cours d'histoire et de litterature francaise au Mount Saint Mary's College.

* * *

Die deutsche Sprache wird auch dieses Jahr wieder tuchtig studiert und Madame Parkinson versucht die Stunnennitnd dafür zu begeistern und sie grundlich zu lehren.

* * *

Anche si studia la bellissima lingua italiana e la Signora Parkinson la insegna con molta piacere.

* * *

El estudio del espanol parece siempre muy favorecido a Mount Saint Mary's College y la Senora de Parkinson tiene mucho gusto de continuar ensenando esta bonita lengua.

M. Garrison

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While attending the first S.B. meeting all heard the rules and regulations, but if some slight noise disturbed you and you couldn't concentrate on what was said, just ask for Miss Helen Shindel.

EDITORIAL

Caedmon, the first English poet, wrote his charming song—the Creation of the World because a supernatural voice commanded him to sing; Milton wrote of Satan's fall because, he whispered in Charles Diodatis' ear, he wished to become famous; Amy Lowell wrote, she says, because "The poem will not be denied . . . It tears its way out of the brain, splintering and breaking its passage." But the modest contributors to the Supplement have entertained no mysterious visitant urging them to put forth this paper; no undue desire for fame has prompted them to sing, whether or not they could; no muse has inspired them with song that needs must find an outlet "splintering and breaking" their brains in their passage therefrom. No, their purpose in issuing an addendum to the classical *Inter Nos* published quarterly at Mount Saint Mary's, is primarily, to provide a special medium for the publication of articles written by them—the students of the News Writing class. Secondly, the Supplement, published monthly, is to provide the school with news and to encourage cooperation between classes and between school and community.

MOUNT SAINT MARY'S
COLLEGE to present
"LE MIROIR de JESUS"

The A Capella Chorus of Mount Saint Mary's College has resumed rehearsals on "Le Miroir de Jesus", musical sketches on the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary, by Andre Caplet.

October, the month of the Rosary, is a fitting month for the presentation of this work. The chorus is under the direction of Amedee Tremblay.

Much could be written about the Music Department, but the interest just now is centered chiefly on "Le Miroir de Jesus".

M. Furlong

The Art Department

The Art Department which has been guided to success in previous years by Sister Ignatia offers four most intriguing courses for the coming year: Art Appreciation, Design, Clay Modeling, and two water coloring courses, one in outdoor sketch and one in still life.

A. Ribecca

Science

Two very interesting new courses have been added to the science department—Bacteriology and Marine Algae. Unusual facts are being learned.

M. McInerney

Bus Babble

When pleasantly the day's begun
Then pleasantly the day will run
So my advice it runneth thus
Be sure to catch the college bus.

As the attendance at Mount Mary's increases, the sides of the bus bulge out not unlike vehicles in movie cartoons. But there is always room for one more whether it be for a boisterous freshman or a sweet Sister of Charity, and it's truly "the more the merrier".

M. Dickey

M. S. M. Has New Fall Outfit

The Mount is decking herself out this fall with beautiful new garments. Mesembreanthemum moss is the college's new hillside cloak; the Hybiscus and the Lantana form a fringe of blooming beauty; the flowered Eucalyptus, four varieties of Acacia, and young cedars form a veritable mantle for the new terraces.

K Hromatke

What Price Stenography!

A secretarial course has been introduced into the school curriculum this year. The department is open to both Upper and Lower division students. Heretofore, the melodious sounds of a typewriter have not resounded through Mount St. Mary's hall. This year, however, twenty commercially inclined students will supply the missing music, while eleven short-hand pupils strive to attain proficiency in a system of writing by symbols.

E. Larson

Tree Planting Ceremony

Just as this paper is about to leave the press, news is received that Mrs. Estelle Doheney will honor the college by her presence and will plant a tree on the college grounds this afternoon in honor of Mother Margaret.

Another Introduction

Irish Literature is a very captivating study, indeed, and the students are rejoicing that it has been introduced into the curriculum.

* * *

Humor!

Virgil Student: "I sing of arms and men"
Freshman, interrupting: "Don't be so sentimental."

Sociology

The following letter was received by Sister St. Francis from the Norwalk State Hospital:

"Dear Madam: In reply to your inquiry relative to bringing a group of sociology students to visit this institution on Thursday, October 13, will say this will be agreeable and I shall be glad to have some one show them through."

The class enjoyed this visit and profited by it.

Our City Safe!

Angelenos have no fear of Japanese. We have had indication, judging from the disagreeable effluvia permeating the atmosphere around the Chemistry laboratory that deadly gas is being perfected.

NEWS SUPPLEMENT

No. 2

Mount Saint Mary's College

Nov. 8, 1932

STUDENTS SPIRITUAL COUNCIL

The work and spirit of the council is reflected in the character of its members, whose ideals are holier because of its influence. The fall semester at Mount Saint Mary's was fittingly opened with the student Mass. Father Madden, S. J., spoke to the students after Mass exhorting them to make "good use of their opportunities."

The Students Spiritual Council Mass is said once a month. Many of the students receive Holy Communion on these occasions.

The work of the Spiritual Council this month will be, of course, for the Poor Souls. Frequent Communion, many aspirations, and a daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament will do much for those who are in Purgatory. Let each one do her bit! P. O'Connor

ADDRESS by "CLEAR SKY"

A very pleasant surprise was afforded the student body on Friday, October 28. Chief Clear Sky, a Mohawk of the Iroquois tribe, addressed the girls in a very interesting manner about his people. He brought with him some Indian handmade bags which he sold to the girls, the proceeds to be donated the needy of his tribe.

THANKSGIVING AT PALM SPRINGS

The ideal spot for a Thanksgiving holiday would be Palm Springs which is situated about one hundred miles east of Los Angeles and about sixteen miles from Banning. No more inviting place could lure a motorist to a restful abode than the picturesque Springs. An easy and scenic trip from Los Angeles thru the town of Redlands, a long glide thru Beaumont to the almond and cherry-blossomed town of Banning brings the tourist to a highway just this side of White Water; a short jaunt finds the motorist nestled between the San Jacinto and San Geronimo Mountains. Sports of all kinds as well as nights for quiet and restful sleep will be enjoyed in the little nest of Palm Springs for those who appreciate the beauties of a desert night. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever".—Keats.

K. Hromatka

TEA DANCE

A Tea Dance sponsored by Tau Alpha Zeta and Gamma Sigma Phi, November 12, will be the first of a series of dances to be given throughout the school year. The proceeds of the dance will go to the tennis court fund. With cooperation, we hope to make this affair a success.—S. Edwards

SORORITY ROW

There are three sororities at Mount Saint Mary's: Gamma Sigma Phi, Kappa Delta Chi, and Tau Alpha Zeta. They are all social sororities and are reputed to uphold high ideals of our college at all times.

The officers of Gamma Sigma Phi are as follows:

Helen Shindel, President
Elvira Olvera, Vice President
Helena Geier, Treasurer and Pledge Mistress

Those of the Kappa Delta Chi are:
Madeline O'Connor, President
Lucille Matulich, Vice President
Evelyn Hughes, Secretary
Clementine Fisher, Treasurer

Those of the Tau Alpha Zeta are:
Marion Salury, President
Sylvia Edwards, Secretary
Mary Ann Hebert, Treasurer

The members of these sororities have been hostesses to a number of brilliant and successful rush affairs during the past three weeks.

A. Ribecca

S T Y L E S

The uniform prescribed for the college is a neat appearing dress with a jacket to complete the ensemble. It is midnight blue in color, with any color collar and cuffs—according to individual taste. It is optional as to choice of material used—either wool serge or flat crepe.

M. Hudson

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Of the eight thousand books required for a college library, our collection contains about five thousand six hundred standard volumes in the main library in the college building, and approximately four thousand at the branch library at St. Mary's Academy. The criticism made by the representatives of The American Association of Colleges was most favorable. The critics stated that the library contained no dead matter.

There is a course in Irish Literature being taught by Sister Rose Mary.

Membership in the college orchestra is open to all students who have any knowledge, however slight, of a musical instrument.

There is a tennis court on the "Mount" where the girls, with racquet and ball, grow Greek-like, graceful and glad.

The Senior Class is attempting to raise funds to defray the expenses of the tennis court.

The Botany Class made an excursion to Ventura County for the purpose of examining and collecting various species of seaweed.

Those in charge of the Cafeteria are happy to announce that it is having a larger attendance this year than last. Is the depression over? It seems that way from the amount of sandwiches and pie that are devoured daily at this popular rendezvous.

The profits realized in the cafeteria will be used to purchase athletic equipment.

E. Larson

E D I T O R I A L S

THE WRITERS CLUB

Dr. Stelter, our English instructor, has very kindly offered to help the students organize a writers' club. Now, when this man who is so very busy with many other more important affairs is interested enough in us to spend much of his valuable time giving helpful criticism, the least we can do is to respond to this kindness. What we lack in talent we must make up in enthusiasm and effort. Unless we make some attempt, who knows whether or not there is some undiscovered genius concealed within the walls of Mt. Saint Mary's College. The only requirement for membership is the presentation of an original manuscript at the Monthly meeting. Anything is acceptable—poetry, plays, short stories, or essays. We encourage you to try your hand. A special invitation is extended to the lower division students. We expect you at the next meeting, Tuesday, November 15. We need not be "a poet born" to join the club.

M.A. McInerney

* * *

By C.A.P.C.

The rising generation cannot spell, because it learned to read by the word method; it is hampered in the use of dictionaries, because it never learned the alphabet; its English is slipshod and commonplace, because it does not know the sources and resources of its own language. Power over words cannot be had without some knowledge of the classics or much knowledge of the English Bible—but both are now out of fashion.

* * *

Be true to your word and your work
and your friend—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Those who are inclined to be pessimistic at Thanksgiving time would do well to recall lines written by John Brown (1715–1766) at a time which might be compared to our own days of "affliction" and depression:

Now let us thank the Eternal Power: convinced
That Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction—
That oft the cloud which wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days.

Barbarosa, Act V, Sc. 3

MEGASCOPS ASIO

In plainer language, the ordinary Screech owl is a mixture of mottled brown, chestnut, ash gray, black and ochre, on a gray-white background; its ear tufts are conspicuous. The beautiful eyes are of a topaz yellow and they are fixed in sockets. The head turns around as though it were fixed upon a pivot. I imagine the owl is therefore a perfect example of what, according to current slang, is termed the "rubber neck"! Its toes are thinly feathered or bristly on top. The owl's nest usually contains four or five pure white eggs and is built in the hollow of an apple tree or some other tree not far from a dwelling. The young owl has its plumage burred or branded with gray or white.

Daddy Owl is a good provider. He brings home the bacon in the form of mice, small birds, bats, snakes and frogs. What a diet! With such a bill-of-fare, why shouldn't the song savor of the terrible, and cause the listeners' blood to run cold? Whatever the eerie cry—whether the screech of the pioneer's wife as she is scalped by a red-handed Indian under the cold rays of an indifferent moon, or the technical practice of the "prima donna"—one thing is certain, all who have heard the strange song of the screech owl agree that there is something uncanny about it! It is a weird, melancholy call, and when once heard it will never be forgotten.

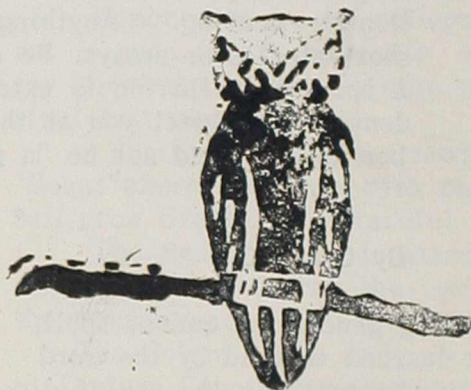
The following verses are a living appreciation of the owl that has almost driven me to ask the Patton inmates the privilege of sharing one of their padded cells. With all apologies to Longfellow we write:

TO THE SCREECH OWL at the MOUNT

Tell me not in joyful numbers
Nights are filled with pleasant dreams,
When a screech owl halts my slumbers
With its harsh and raucous screams.

If I catch thee, owlet dearest
Sure the grave will be thy goal
Though thy wisdom's of the rarest
Thou didst never have a soul.

Thou shalt surely come to sorrow
If thou stay another day
Better see that fair tomorrow
Finds thee farther than today.



Night is long, my patience fleeting
And my heart though kind and brave
Plans on giving thee a beating
That will lead thee to the grave.

Trust no future, Owlet pleasant,
Though you're hooting o'er my head
I'll act in the living present
And tomorrow you'll be dead.

Let me then be up and doing
Though it's cold, and rather late
I shall never stop pursuing
Till that bird has met its fate.

M. Garrison